*Emma Goodchild*

*July 1836*

# *SUTTON ABBEY.*

## A NOVEL.

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VOL. I.

# *SUTTON-ABBEY.*

## A NOVEL.

IN A

## SERIES of LETTERS,

FOUNDED ON

## FACTS.

VOLUME the FIRST.

Let Grief ſubmit to Pow'r all good and wiſe,
And yield the ſpotleſs Victim to the Skies.

CARTER.

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TO THE

# REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

BE favourable, if you can! A woman ſues; a woman, who, if ſhe could make herſelf and family known to you, would not (ſhe is led to hope by the encouragement ſhe has ever met with from her acquaintance) ſue in vain: But theſe ſhe muſt conceal.

Fearful of the juſt cenſure of the unprejudiced critic, ſhe trembles with apprehenſion at the thoughts of publiſhing.

When

When the following pages were wrote, they were not intended for publication. At that period the writer was acquainted with moſt of the characters which, under feigned names, are repreſented; and if they are not ſufficiently marked, ſhe begs it may be remembered, that the diſcovery of them was only the penetration of a very young woman, who, if ſometimes ſhe judged too haſty, has ever received the higheſt ſatiſfaction in exploring worthy characters.

Her pages are ſtained with the vices of but one of a ſet of beings from

from which her ſex cannot be too much cautioned—Not that caution is her preſumptuous ſtyle—ſhe is ſenſible ſhe is not equal to it.

Suffice it to ſay, that the author of SUTTON-ABBEY hopes the employment of her pen will, if it gives not inſtruction, be at leaſt an innocent amuſement to many of her country women.

The motive that impelled her to publiſh is a juſt one;—one which, ſhe is perſuaded, would, if ſhe dare avow it, raiſe the ſmile of approbation, and blind the eye of cenſure. That ſhe may deſerve the critic's

critic's frown ſhe is too ſenſible of, to preſent her pages without the greateſt fear; and that ſhe may eſcape the eye of cenſure, is the humble and ſincere wiſh of,

GENTLEMEN,

With the greateſt reſpect,

Yours, &c. &c.

# SUTTON-ABBEY, &c.

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA ORMOND.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

RETURNED again to England, after an abſence of three years! Little did I expect, much leſs wiſh, to viſit again a land where I have only known happineſs, to be more exquiſitely ſenſible of miſery.

Never more did I intend breathing my native air — never more hoped to ſet my foot on a land, where every ſtep I take, recalls ſome deep diſtreſs, and brings freſh to my memory, ſcenes that I would wiſh to forget.

Ah! Sir Charles Morell,* where are your waters of oblivion? I would ſearch for them undaunted as Sadag, but at laſt they ſhould reward me.

Death only can ſhed forgetfulneſs on ſorrows like mine.

Nothing could have brought me to England, after my declarations of never returning to it, but the earneſt deſire of thoſe few friends I have remaining, and a wiſh to ſee my Henrietta.

Irreſolution is now, I think, my ſtriking characteriſtic—I gave way to their perſuaſions, I yielded to their intreaties. When I found myſelf again at Dover, my dormant ſenſes ſeemed

* Author of the Tales of the Genii.

rouſed —

rouſed—I waked from my lethargy of grief to engage, methinks, in new ſorrows.

I was ſurpriſed to find myſelf in England—I own I was vexed—I did not think, ſaid I, it would have come to this. No, Henrietta, I never thought it; but here I am—in—my God!—in England.

Yes, my Lord, Lady Hervey again viſits a land you have made hateful to her — but ſtop my pen, injure not the memory of the dead. I would not diſturb it; but oh! Henrietta, the tide of grief flows in too faſt upon me, and heart-affecting recollection, brings ſtrange forgetfulneſs of every nobler paſſion. Yet, yet, it ſhould not—Would I could riſe ſuperior to misfortune, and brook the ills I bear.

Happy Lady Arwell, ſhe has known the deepeſt diſtreſs; but her noble mind riſes ſuperior to the ſmiles or frowns of fortune. A calm content, a heavenly reſignation, ſhines in all her words and actions.

Never was there ſuch a woman!—I am impatient to make you acquainted with her, that you may be partly ſenſible of my happineſs in being with her, as I know the generous ſhare you take in whatever concerns me.

I had firſt the happineſs of meeting with her at the Spa, where it was my peculiar good fortune to render her ſome trifling ſervices, which ſhe has repaid with her friendſhip; and I aſſure you, her intreaties was not the leaſt motive that brought me to England. As an inducement to which, ſhe inſiſted on my paſſing the firſt half

year

year with her at Sutton-Abbey; where, to humour my too much indulged melancholy, and in hopes to ſhake it off by degrees, ſhe would continue as long as I liked.

Sutton-Abbey is altogether, perhaps, one of the moſt beautiful rural ſpots nature ever produced: It is extenſive, and diverſified with wood lawn and water, in the moſt agreeable manner poſſible. In the middle of the park ſtands a noble houſe, on the north ſide of which is a fine wood, whoſe ſtill ſerenity this charming day, ſeems emblematical of the ſedate mind of it's owner. The ſun now breaks forth on it's ſhade, as if deſirous to continue the alluſion; it illumes the growth of ages, as the benificent heart of Lady Arwell does all thoſe who live within the circle of her radiance.

In the front of the houſe is a fine lawn, and at the back large pleaſure gardens that extend two miles, and are bounded by a pretty clear ſtream which runs through the park.

To ſay the houſe is elegant, is to tell you only what you may expect from the taſte of the elegant Lord Arwell, who, I dare ſay, you have often heard your brother mention —To give you an idea of that is poſſible; but that you may have from conceiving one of the fineſt—no very hard taſk to you who have ſeen ſo many. But to give you an idea of it's preſent poſſeſſor, is, I fear, impoſſible — I cannot do juſtice to her merits; but I will, at leaſt give you a faint ſketch of them, and heighten it as much as poſſible, and you will but do juſtice to her.

It is impoſſible — I ſee I undertook a taſk I cannot perform. I have laid down my pen, attempting to think— the more I think the leſs I am pleaſed with myſelf and my thoughts. — I will think no more of painting Lady Arwell; ſhe is a maſter-piece my pencil cannot attempt to copy. If I am with her any time, you will hear much of her — She ſends now to ſpeak with me — A letter from Lady Frances — Dear woman! what impatience to impart to me, the duty of her amiable girl. I attend her commands, and leave my Henrietta. Adieu.

Lady

Lady HERVEY in Continuation.

I Was no ſooner in Lady Arwell's ſight than ſhe roſe, and haſtening to me—Now, Lady Hervey, ſaid ſhe, let me ſee you truly generous—I muſt hear you ſay you are, and ſee you happy—I am greatly ſo—My Fanny comes to Sutton-Abbey to-morrow. Lady Arwell's happineſs is mine—I am impatient to embrace the moſt amiable young woman I ever knew. An impaſſioned ray of heart-felt ſatisfaction dawned on this charming woman's countenance all the evening: How I long for to-morrow to ſee her happineſs complete! When we parted for the night—I am ſtill, Lady Hervey, ſaid ſhe, too much attached to the world; whatever concerns this dear girl, overturns my philoſophy, deſtroys all the compoſure of age, and you ſee me weak enough to give way to paſ-

ſions

ſions that ſhould now ſubſide. This attachment to this loved girl makes me yet wiſh death to wait a little longer—but ſhe once happily ſettled, Heaven, I hope, I am ready when you call.

If ſhe is not, who is? Ah! Henrietta, I am, ſure, the weakeſt woman nature ever formed; I have not courage enough to be criminal, nor reſolution enough to be truly good.

Would I had remained in Italy, or any where but here; I was infatuated ſure, to make Sutton-Abbey the firſt place of my reſidence in England.

Lord Oſſory has a houſe here—Lord Oſſory! Ah! my God—why did I come near the place where he was, or breathe even the ſame air with him? All is contaminated—As for me, oh! Henrietta, my weak erring ſenſes a-

gain relapſe—I feel Lord Oſſory is not forgot—Lady Arwell mentioned him yeſterday at table—My faded cheek turned ſtill paler—I was diſordered the remainder of the day. Adieu. I am ſtill ſo—I hope he does not viſit here.

In Continuation.

I Have been ſurpriſed, alarmed, terrified — As we ſat at breakfaſt this morning, a ſervant entered with Lord Oſſory's compliments, and he would wait on Lady Arwell in his morning's ride, to enquire after her health. My colour went and came alternately; with my permiſſion ſhe would ſee him—the ſervant withdrew. I ſhall have it in my power, ſays this amiable woman, to introduce to Lady Hervey, the only man in the world capable of making her happy — To an engaging perſon, Lord Oſſory adds all the charms of refined ſenſibility, ſweetneſs of temper, and manners unequalled.

Alas, I knew it too well for my peace—my confuſion increaſed. Lady Arwell little imagined this maſterpiece of perfection was the cauſe—ſhe

went on in his praiſes. At length my diſorder grew too viſible to eſcape her notice; I pretended ſudden illneſs, and begged ſhe would excuſe my company for the morning. Sure Lord Oſſory cannot know I am here — he knows we muſt never meet again!

No, my Henrietta, it is a ſacrifice I will make to virtue: it is now four years ſince I have ſeen him—I muſt make Lady Arwell acquainted with my unhappy ſtory—I muſt leſſen myſelf in the opinion of a woman I love to adoration—fatal effects of my unhappy prepoſſeſſion; but her generous friendſhip deſerves every ſacrifice, and muſt have the greateſt I can make. Yes, Lady Arwell will, I fear, love me leſs—but then her pity, her exalted mind, her noble ſhare in the ſufferings of others, will ſtill make the for ever unhappy Hervey remembered with

with tenderneſs by her. Yet ſurely I am not criminal — could I help the emotions of my heart — could I be blind to perfection! Yes, Henrietta, I was the wife of another, and the ſlighteſt preference bordered on guilt. If he remains here, I muſt leave this delightful retreat of Innocence and Virtue. While ſo near Lord Oſſory, I am expoſed to the danger of ſeeing him every day—it muſt not be—but where ſhall I go with that delight I thought to have felt here? I had an invitation to Bourne-Lodge, but my brother's houſe is always full of the gay world — a world I take no delight in. Ah! Henrietta, the ſmalleſt deviation from rectitude, embitters every joy. — I was interrupted; Lady Arwell's viſitor had left her, and ſhe came to enquire after my health, and propoſe our ſpending the remainder of the morning in the wood. I attended her,

her, and as much as was in my power, prevented her paying the proper encomiums to Lord Offory, by aſking a thouſand queſtions of Lady Frances, who we expected that evening. She came — never was there ſuch an alteration in any young perſon as in her; ſhe always promiſed to be a fine woman, but ſhe is more lovely than can be expreſſed—

Grace is in all her ſteps — Heaven in her eye!
In every geſture, dignity and love!

She has been at Sir Charles Sedley's for a month — he brought her to the park. Sir Charles is one of thoſe young men who will make a figure in the gay town world; but will never, I fear, gain the good name juſtly beſtowed on his father, who has been dead almoſt two years. His widow and daughter remain at the family-ſeat, which is about twenty miles from

from hence. Lady Frances has a great friendſhip for Miſs Sedley, who is, I find, an amiable girl.

Amiable indeed ſhould ſhe be, to deſerve the confidence of this lovely young creature; ſhe is juſt nineteen — I never ſaw a more perfect beauty; and ſhe promiſes all the charms of mind to a degree not inferior to her perſon; and yet, all lovely as ſhe is, a few ſhort years will make her, moſt probably, know the higheſt miſery; for Lady Arwell is dearer to her than you can imagine; every thought, wiſh, hope or fear ſhe knows, centers in that beſt of women. She firſt met her raviſhed ſight with tranſport — a tranſport that I feared would diſorder her. Lady Arwell's compoſure was fled — all was rapture. — She paid her compliments to me with a ſweetneſs and politeneſs natural to her; but I

ſaw

ſaw ſhe did not recollect me — I took her hand: My amiable friend, I am Lady Hervey, who is ſo much altered, that my ſweet Fanny, I am ſure, does not know me, or this politeneſs would be changed for freedom; and I flatter myſelf I ſhould be received with joy. She looked aſtoniſhed. Oh! Lady Hervey — and a tear gliſtened in her ſweet eye — you are indeed altered; what cruel diſeaſe preys on your mind, for I think it was not firſt a bodily one? — Speak, madam, let us be the happy means of diſſipating every ſorrow. The ſweet girl preſſed my hand to her lips — I embraced her.

We paſſed the evening moſt delightfully — Abſorbed as I am in my own melancholy, the pleaſure of my friends imparts a ray of happineſs to me.

I have

I have ſomewhere read a character that belongs ſo juſtly to Lady Frances, that as I am in a writing humour, I will give it you to the beſt of my recollection: —— "To ſay ſhe is beau-
"tiful, ſhe is accompliſhed, ſhe is ge-
"nerous, ſhe is tender, is talking in
"general — it is the particular I would
"deſcribe: — for her perſon, ſhe is
"almoſt tall, and almoſt graceful,
"commanding and inſpiring a kind
"of tender reſpect — the tone of her
"voice is melodious, and ſhe can
"neither look nor move without ex-
"preſſing ſomething to her advantage.
"Poſſeſſed of almoſt every excellence,
"ſhe is not conſcious of any, and this
"heightens them all. She is modeſt
"and diffident of her own opinion,
"yet always perfectly comprehends
"the ſubject on which ſhe gives it,
"and ſees the queſtion in it's true
"light. She has neither pride, pre-
"judice,

"judice, nor precipitancy to miſguide
"her; ſhe is true, and, therefore,
"judges truly. If there are ſubjects
"too intricate, too complicated for
"the feminine ſimplicity of her ſoul,
"her ignorance of them ſerves only to
"diſplay a new beauty in her charac-
"ter, which reſults from her acknow-
"ledging that very ignorance. The
"great characteriſtic of Lady Fran-
"ces's underſtanding, is taſte; but
"when ſhe ſays moſt upon a ſubject,
"ſhe ſtill ſhews that ſhe has much
"more to ſay, and by this unwilling-
"neſs to triumph, ſhe perſuades the
"more. With the moſt refined ſenti-
"ments, ſhe poſſeſſes the ſofteſt ſenſi-
"bility, and it lives and ſpeaks in
"every feature of her face.—Is Lady
"Frances melancholy—does ſhe ſigh
"—every body is affected—they
"enquire whether any misfortune has
"happened to her—they find that
ſhe

" ſhe ſighed for the misfortune of an-
" other, and they are affected ſtill
" more! Young, lovely, and high-
" born Lady Frances Sutton, graces
" every company, and heightens the
" brilliancy of the drawing-room —
" ſhe joins to the moſt ſcrupulous po-
" liteneſs a certain feminine gaiety,
" free from both reſtraint and boldneſs
" — always gentle, yet never inferior
" — always unaſſuming, yet never
" aſhamed or aukward."

Such is Lady Frances Sutton — the delight of all who know her, and the fond expectation, the only joy of Lady Arwell! Amiable woman — exalted goodneſs — may every wiſh of your heart be accompliſhed. Henrietta, I can write no more.

LOUISA HERVEY.

Lady FRANCES SUTTON, to Miſs SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

THANKS to my good Lady Sedley, to my amiable Maria, to all your friends, for the many favours heaped on your Fanny: Pay my thanks to your mother, with all that expreſſion you are miſtreſs of, return my grateful thanks — tell every body how much I love and admire them, and how happy I was at Sedley-Houſe. We have a viſitor at Sutton-Abbey I little expected — our intreaties have ſo long been fruitleſs, that I deſpaired of their ever ſucceeding — Lady Hervey, from Italy: you have heard me often pay the juſt tribute to her virtues — you know how I admire her; you can therefore imagine how happy her company makes me;

me; but ſhe is ill — ſome hidden diſeaſe deſtroys her! Sure ſlow working grief ſeems to have marked her for it's prey! I have often expreſſed my wiſhes to you to know the cauſe, but they have never yet been gratified — would to Heaven they were, and that it was in my power to make her happy —How vain a wiſh — how ſhould it — but how does her conſtant melancholy, her endeavours to hide it, and her declining health, diſtreſs me. As Spencer, in his Fairy Queen, canto the IVth, ſays,

Nought is there under Heaven's wide hollowneſs,
That moves more dear compaſſion of mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedneſs
Through envy's ſnares, or fortune's freaks unkind.

Nought indeed — but Lady Hervey is not ſure hurt by envy — fortune may be unkind — that is a copious word; it

it does not only include riches, but the object of our choice is called the gift of fortune, and every other bliſs poets have made the gifts of that fickle goddeſs. I am ſtrangely intereſted for her — indeed it is impoſſible to behold a more intereſting figure — Lady Arwell wiſhes to introduce Lord Oſſory to her; their minds, ſhe ſays, are kindred — but Lady Hervey deſires to be allowed the privilege of ſeeing only ourſelves. Why ſhould my grandmama wiſh this amiable man ſuch extraordinary felicity as to pleaſe the beſt of her ſex: Good as he is, inferior merit might, I think, make him happy.

Ignorant as I am of Lady Hervey's hiſtory, I would not have her know a ſecond huſband — you know my opinion of ſecond marriages — at the beſt, I look upon them as legal proſtitution.

Lady

Lady Hervey's characteriſtic is delicacy — ſhe will, I am perſuaded, never ſwerve from it. I am interrupted, and have only time to repeat how much I think myſelf obliged to Lady Sedley — my Maria's

FRANCES SUTTON.

Miſs

## Miſs SEDLEY, to Lady FRANCES SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

SEDLEY-HOUSE is deſerted, it has loſt the ſun-ſhine of my Fanny's eye, and all around is deſert! If Charles had not the felicity to have left it with you, he ſhould have made the groves, ſtreams and birds, mourn your abſence; but I, who have never been favoured with even a ſide glance from Mr. Apollo, for which I owe his Godſhip a grudge, can only, in plain downright Engliſh, tell you I am moſt ſincerely ſorry you have left us. Now you poetical people would have ſung us through a page or two before you had come to naming the misfortune you was all along talking about — upon my word, Fanny, it is a mighty pretty gift; but I am certain, if there is a ſoul that delights not in muſic, the

the harmony of numbers is to them mere nonſenſe; and I dare ſay they think it all making a mighty fuſs about nothing at all at all, as the Iriſh ſay.

I have a moſt tender tale for your poetical pen, and I deſire you will permit me to give it you as a ſubject. The ſtory I mean to tell is true; the ſcene of action is within a few miles of us, and the Heroine one of my brother's tenant's daughters. The girl was in love with a young man of Morden-Hill — a country lovelace in his way — he acted up to the character — ſhe proved with child, and heroically ended her life in the river. The girl was pretty, and the pride of the village; they all loved her; and now they all mourn for her — But ſhe has a mighty pretty friend who is quite outrageous about it, and talks

of the perfidy of mankind in a very edifying ſtyle; and my Jenny tells me, that ſhe has diſcarded all her lovers upon the occaſion, and made a vow to live ſingle for ever. You may chriſten the paſtoral folk as you like, for I ſuppoſe Apollo will not rehearſe a diſmal tale about the loves of John Fieldmore and Cicely Martin.

I never yet ſaw any of your performances in the paſtoral way; but I beg your pardon — you only have the privilege of ſhortening or lengthening words; and, indeed, do with them as you will, whatever you do is with a grace peculiar to yourſelf.

I am altogether in the ſtrangeſt humour to-day poſſible, and it is not one of the beſt I aſſure you; for, with my proper compliments to my brother, I beſtow no ſmall ſhare of envy on him for

for the happineſs he enjoys in your company; at the ſame time I moſt heartily pity him, for I defy an heart of adamant to be with you, and to be unſuſceptible of that moſt pleaſing painful odd compound of paſſion, the Paſſion of Love; which, by the way, if I was not terribly afraid of diſcovering in the boſom of a certain friend of mine, I believe, without poſſeſſing the wiſdom of a Solomon, I ſhould find it no very difficult matter to diſcover; but as it would be a diſcovery, the truth of which would blaſt each future hope of joy to your Maria, I make it not known unto you, O ye good people of Sutton-Abbey — and as it is, and ever ſhall be my firm reſolves to follow the example of that good old Lady of our acquaintance, to make great troubles trifles, and trifles no troubles at all, I ſay, with the good man of old, ſufficient unto the day

is the evil thereof; and ſo indeed I have found it ever ſince you left us: the day you departed had ſufficient for that —the next I loſt Mr. S——, ſufficient again; the day after that, ſaw Miſs Somers at Mr. L——'s ball, more noticed than my Ladyſhip, and ſo on, day after day, and every day has it's ſufficient evil.

By the way, it may not be amiſs to ſay more of Mr. S——: you know the progreſs my wild charms had made in his heart; nay, the man had been ſo particular to my giddineſs, that I abſolutely began to be afraid of his ſerious propoſals, and Lady Sedley, with all her goodneſs, would I know, be ſo charmed with the greatneſs of them, that Maria muſt not have known a negative. My mother is really, I believe, one of the beſt of women, but ſo impatient to ſee her

girl

girl ſettled, as ſhe calls it, that no refuſals will ever come from her; you are to ſuppoſe there can be no reaſonable reaſon for them though, becauſe you know ſhe is that uncommon thing, a reaſonable woman! Ah! Fanny, how often does that ſettling, as our good parents call it, prove quite the reverſe! — But you can preach beſt on that ſubject, I am for plain downright ſtory; very little ſentiment flows from my pen. So, as I was ſaying, I began to be afraid I ſhould loſe my liberty; when, *Lo a Heaven-born maid like you appeared!* And ever ſince, I have loſt the heart of Mr. S———, but diſcovered it not till the day after you left us; when he waited on my mother to deſire an introduction to Lady Arwell — And now, my dear, I wiſh you joy of your conqueſt, the heir of Lord S———, a good fortune, a tolerably agreeable man: Yet,

Fanny, I think I could ſave him his journey to you, and tell him, your heart was not made for him; but, that a little patience would ſhew him who was the happy deſtined man, I ſhould be kind enough to wiſh him a great deal of that virtue, for the ſake of that man who will be the envy of thouſands: You cannot expect to be bleſſed with the life of that happy man long; for I declare, I ſhould ſo envy him myſelf (and I do not think the other ſex leſs addicted to that baleful paſſion than ours) that I verily think I ſhould do him a miſchief. To be for ever near you — to know every ſentiment of your heart — to be witneſs to your numberleſs virtues — to ſee their daily practice, is a felicity only Lady Arwell can enjoy unenvyed. Long, very long, may my Fanny be bleſſed in her, and ſhe in you, prays your

MARIA SEDLEY.

## Lady FRANCES SUTTON, to Miſs SEDLEY.

I.

AMANDA, the pride of the plain!
Now roſe at the peep of the dawn;
She forſook all the gay village-train,
To contemplate the beauties of morn.

II.

Aurora had ſcarce ting'd the eaſt,
And her bleſſings began to diſplay;
The ſongſters were flown from their neſts,
And hailing the ſweet bluſhing day.

III.

The roſes were ſpangled with dew,
The convolvola op'd with the morn;
Each flower had gain'd fragrance and hue,
Flora's own charming ſeaſon t' adorn.

IV.

But the beauties of morning all fade,
The charms of fair Flora decay,
When Amanda, the loveliеſt maid,
With her elegance graces the day!

V.

Aurora to her is but pale;
What roſes with her can compare?
The vi'let that blows in the dale,
Tho' ſweet, is not yet half ſo fair!

VI.

The lilly's her emblem, 'tis true,
The myrtle belongs to her brow;
To her ſenſe it is no more than due,
And there planted it ever will grow.

VII.

Ah! ſee how ſhe trips o'er the plain,
To yon wood ſhe makes haſte to repair;
For ſolitude eaſes her pain,
And lightens her ſoul of it's care.

VIII.

That brook is her fav'rite ſpot,
There, unceaſing, her tears ever flow;
Lamenting her friends hapleſs lot,
Sighing, looks on the vallies below!

IX.

The vallies they often have ſtray'd,
When no Edwin did ruffle their peace;
In ſerenity all was array'd,
And friendſhip their joys did increaſe.

X.

Here I'll ſit, ſays Amanda, and ſigh,
Here my friends hapleſs lot I'll deplore;
But ſoft—let no creature be nigh,
Let her frailty be thought of no more.

XI.

She was once the fond boaſt of my heart,
I thought ſhe was Virtue on earth;
She ſeem'd free both from folly and art,
And the Graces attended her birth.

XII.

Ah! wou'd they had not form'd her face
With thoſe elegant features to pleaſe;
In her form had there not been ſuch grace,
Her mind might have been more at eaſe.

XIII.

For ſhe was the pride of the plain,
My Florella was ev'ry deſire!
And the ambition of every ſwain
Was, that ſhe might feel mutual fire.

XIV.

Nor Damon, the rich and the gay,
Nor Thyrſis, the beautiful youth;
Nor Palemon, whoſe flocks never ſtray,
Nor Corydon, fam'd for his truth.

XV.

Nor Alexis, the wiſh of each maid,
Nor Lycidas, fam'd for his birth;
Neither gold, flocks, or beauty e'er ſway'd
The loveliеſt nymph upon earth.

XVI.

I thought, that like me, ſhe would ne'er
Suffer love to inhabit her breaſt;
I thought ſhe had read that deſpair
Oft attends it to rob us of reſt.

But

XVII.

But at length from a neighbouring hill,
Came Edwin, Art's favourite ſon;
What did he not ſay in our vill?
Ah! he ſaid — and he look'd till he won.

XVIII.

Till he won the good heart of my friend;
Village maidens now liſt to my tale,
Mark how fatal, how ſad was the end,
And never let flattery prevail.

XIX.

When Florella his paſſion wou'd chide,
When ſhe told him ſhe knew nought of love,
He wou'd ſwear he meant her for his bride,
With her every joy he wou'd prove.

XX.

But how ſoon did the ſwain change his mind,
How leave her his abſence to mourn!
No ſooner Florella grew kind,
Than love's paſſion in him ceas'd to burn.

XXI.

Now abandon'd to grief and deſpair,
At once ſhe forſook the gay plain,
In yon current ſhe ended her care,
And embark'd on a dangerous main.

XXII.

On the main of eternity toſt,
What joys and what ſorrows ariſe!
There ev'ry vain hope is now loſt;
May ſhe ever now reign in the ſkies!

XXIII.

She forgets all her miſery here,
To happineſs now is ſhe flown;
An oblivion of paſt, that was dear,
Succeeds to the joys that are known.

XXIV.

Ev'ry day will I viſit her tomb,
And think of Florella's ſad end;
Freſh flow'rets I'll ſtrew as a boon
Of remembrance to what was my friend.

Nymphs

XXV.

Nymphs and ſhepherds paſs lightly this ſod,
On her turf let ſoft pity ſhed tears:
May her humble grave be ne'er trod
By any who know any fears.

XXVI.

For goblins and ghoſts never ſport,
Where virtue and innocence ſleeps;
There fairies and elves keep their court,
And the turtle inceſſantly weeps.

XXVII.

If Edwin ſhou'd paſs by this way,
Shepherds point out theſe oziers new bound,
And tell him kind ſhepherds, I pray,
That Florella lies now under ground.

XXVIII.

Say no more—that will pierce to his heart,
In her death he knew well his concern;
And like him may all children of art,
In all griefs that they cauſe, their own earn.

For

XXIX.

For me, I will never know love,
I have ſeen all it's ſources of woe;
All affection ſhall center above,
From that ſource alone pleaſure can flow.

XXX.

Then Cupid, thou wandering boy,
Thy arrows to me do not ſend;
For poiſon is mix'd with thy joy,
And thy dart has robb'd me of a friend.

XXXI.

May all the Gods witneſs my truth,
That celibacy is my deſire;
May they grant this one wiſh of my youth,
That no mortal to me ſhall aſpire.

XXXII.

Then calmly I'll paſs through life's day,
Unenvy'd and ever unknown;
May heaven of bl ſs dart one ray,
My ſoul to enlighten when flown.

XXXIII.

When flown from this manſion of care,
It ſhall ſeek the abodes of pure joy;
An inhabitant then of the air,
No pleaſures ſhall know an alloy.

XXXIV.

The ſun had now ſunk in the weſt,
The ſhepherds had left the gay green;
When Amanda attempted to reſt,
By angels and elves only ſeen.

Well, my Maria, I have executed your little taſk, and hope Amanda will amuſe you; it is the firſt paſtoral elegy I ever attempted, and that muſt plead excuſe for it's want of merit. I am ſenſible it is far from deſerving approbation — I truſt it, however, to your impartial eye; but, indeed, the partiality of all I have the happineſs to know, makes me often diſtruſt their judgment or their veracity; for ſurely,

Maria,

Maria, I muſt have many faults, and yet not one friend have I who will be ſincere enough to tell me of them. — As for Lady Arwell, I know her extreme affection blinds her never erring judgment; in her it is to be excuſed, I am the only remains of a faultleſs daughter, whom ſhe juſtly loved to almoſt adoration: My father too was the beſt of men; I am the laſt of his family: Every circumſtance conſpires to endear me to Lady Arwell, and her partiality is to be pardoned; but you, my Maria, who bear the exalted name of Friend, ſhould convince me you underſtand the nature of the character, and correct my every folly. Do I not take that liberty with you, and does not Maria Sedley love her Frances the better for it? There is but one way of convincing me ſhe does, and for a beginning, correct my Amanda, and ſend me the alterations ſoon: Accuſe

not

not Apollo, I deſire; you have fluency — you have expreſſion — and if you are not a jingler of ſounds, one of your lively epiſtles is in general, ten times more diverting; though I muſt ſay, ſome part of your laſt was not intelligible. You ſeem to hint a poſſibility of diſcovering the moſt pleaſing painful paſſion, as you call it, in the boſom of your friend. Speak boldly out, my Maria, and then ſhe will deny it, for you are quite miſtaken. Your whimſical compliment to me, in your addreſs to your brother, is, I aſſure you, needleſs. What! Pity Sir Charles Sedley for being ſuſceptible? — Your brother, my dear, believe me, knows better than to be terribly in love — it is but a weak kind of a paſſion; the Lords of the Creation leave it entirely to feminine folly; ſometimes, indeed, they condeſcend to affect

affect the paſſion — and then, like all affectations, outdo their copy.

Your brother has gallantry — he ſwears ten times in a day, that he dies for me, and when he indulges his poetic pen, I am the bright divinity of every paſtoral, for that is his favourite vein, ſuited to the ſurrounding beauties of the Abbey I ſuppoſe; but all this is but *pour paſſer le tems* — his real heart, I believe, would ſigh for Lady Hervey, if he dare aſpire to hope; but the melancholy ever attending her, forbids the ſlighteſt ray to dawn upon his wiſhes: if his heart ſhould fix there, I ſhould then, indeed, pity him, for I am certain no one can love her but to an extreme. — The love you feel for her, aſſociates with it the idea of melancholy; it ſeems to ſoften, to refine the heart — you reſpect the miſery you do not know —

you

you love her at firſt ſight — you almoſt know not why — her every attitude charms, and you ſee ſhe muſt be irreſiſtible! I never beheld her more ſo than laſt night. In compliment to your brother, my grandmother (who you know allows and ſtill partakes of the diverſions of youth, when ſhe knows her preſence adds to the entertainment) gave a maſquerade; the whole country was invited, and all (but Lord Oſſory, who is at preſent abſent) came. We begged Lady Hervey would honour the rooms with her preſence. — I am unfit for ſcenes of feſtivity, ſaid ſhe; the fire of my wit is extinguiſhed, and I can add no diverſion to the joyous ſcene: if you will admit me in the character of ſilence, I will attend the jocund throng. In any character we gladly admitted her — her form and figure attracted general admiration; but when

when we unmaſked, what was before cool admiration, was now impaſſioned rapture! — The heat of the rooms gave a glow to her delicate paleneſs, than which nothing could be more lovely! Every one was pleaſed with their entertainment, and every countenance avowed it. The general delight affected the heart of Lady Hervey; ſhe ſmiled, and ſhe conquered all hearts; every one was enquiring who ſhe was. To all enquiries ſhe deſires to aſſume the name of her friend, Lady Henrietta Ormond, for only her particular friends are to know ſhe is returned to England: ſhe has reaſons, ſhe ſays, that perhaps, ere long, we may know, will juſtify her in her deſire. — But you will want to know what character I aſſumed. Lord Oſſory has given me the appellation of Diana, for no other reaſon than that I am, as you know, often ſeen on horſe-back,

back, and he is pleaſed to approve me moſt in that exerciſe. Lady Arwell therefore deſired I would appear the chaſte huntreſs of the woods, and I, you may be ſure, complied; the Freeman's were my nymphs, and much admired. Your brother diverted every one in Mungo — he ſung with admirable ſpirit — he danced delightfully! and I have my fears, ten thouſand ſighs from ſome charming young Ladies will be laid to our charge for introducing him into our neighbourhood.

We are to have a little concert to-night at Mrs. Freeman's; I have charged my nymphs to exert all their vocal powers, and I hope to convince Sir Charles, that a ſet of Engliſh performers (chiefly female) are capable of producing as much real harmony as the

the Italians, though perhaps not ſo faſhionable.

The amazing partiality moſt of our Engliſh of rank entertain for theſe foreigners, is, in my opinion, highly culpable. I know I dare not aſſert ſuch a truth in any company of ton — I ſhould be pitied for my want of taſte, thought low-bred, and Lady Arwell would have the credit of having given me ſo very old faſhioned a thought; but you Maria, will, I believe, join in my opinion, that a good Engliſh voice, properly inſtructed, and poſſeſſed of real taſte, is capable of equal excellence with Agujari, Rauzzini, or any of them: — but ſuch is the prevalence of faſhion, that an Italian will demand extraordinary pay and receive it, while many excellent Engliſh ſingers are ſcarcely paid for abilities to which had they the addition of Signor or Signora,

Signora, would gain them the higheſt applauſe. I condemn the folly of faſhion, and though in ſome meaſure obliged to comply with it's ridiculous cuſtoms, will never prefer the notes of a foreigner to thoſe of our own Sheridan, or Bach to our Handel.—I muſt prepare for our little meeting to-night—Sir Charles calls me to rehearſal from my Maria.

Believe me her

FRANCES SUTTON.

Lady

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA ORMOND.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

NIGHT! Sable Goddeſs, from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſcepter o'er a ſlumbering world.
Silence how dead, and darkneſs how profound!
Nor eye nor liſt'ning ear an object finds!
Creation ſleeps ———
'Tis as the general pulſe of life ſtood ſtill,
and nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe prophetic of her end!

I can give you no better idea of the ſolemnity of the preſent hour — the clock has juſt ſtruck twelve, and all the houſe but the friends of Henrietta, are retired to reſt! — Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous — how ſweet, how enviably compoſed are thoſe of Lady

Lady Arwell. We have parted to-night after a converſation ſhe favoured us with, of the moſt inſtructive kind.

Lady Frances had received letters from two of her intimate friends, who are connected by the moſt ſacred ties, that very much diſtreſſed her: She ſtruggled to conceal it, but the penetrating eye of Lady Arwell, eludes diſguiſe. My Fanny, ſaid the amiable woman, your heart is intereſted tenderly in the happineſs of all your friends, and I rejoice in it; but in the ſoft effuſions of pity, let no effeminate weakneſs enervate your reaſon. The miſery known by your friends, is cauſed by their own wrong paſſions — adviſe, as they deſire your advice, and may it ſucceed. She proceeded, uninterrupted, in deſcribing the duties of a wife, and every relative duty in life; ſhe pictured the ſexes in their different

characters through life, drawing them all as favourable as poſſible. She pities all thoſe who exclaim againſt human nature: Our opinions of it ought, ſhe ſays, to be as charitable as poſſible, and the way to have it ſo is to be uniform ourſelves.

At length religion became the topic, and if ſhe ſhone before, ſhe was now irradiate. Some future letter may perhaps repeat what ſhe ſaid—my head is not ſufficiently recollected at preſent to give it you, for my weakneſs has, this morning, been alarmed. As we ſat at work in the library, Lady Frances reading Lord Lyttleton's beautiful Monody, in which he mentions Petrarch, he became the ſubject of our converſation, when Lady Arwell deſired I might be ſhewn the ſonnets Lady Frances had verſifyed; — they are prettily done—I ſaid I would read them

them when I retired, and I incloſe two for you who admire them: Could ſhe have choſe a ſubject more embarraſſing? She ſaw I was diſtreſſed, and the ſweet girl thinks me all myſtery: But really, Henrietta, they have merit, and I know you will think ſo. I ſhall deſire her to give me ſome every night that ſhe likes it; and if ſhe deſires my opinion, ſhe ſhall have it on paper.

Sir Charles Sedley returns here tomorrow — it is the wiſh of his family that Lady Frances may be his — but I think ſhe is indifferent, and he not deſirous of marrying at preſent. Henrietta, I am too indolent to proceed, and ſhall honour my pillow with my ſtupidity.

In Continuation.

WE are all harmony here, Sir Charles Sedley is returned to us! — Muſic is his favourite paſſion, and we have concerts for ever — They are amuſements that once was my greateſt pleaſure; but now, Henrietta, they ſoften my ſoul to ſuch a degree of weakneſs, that my eyes often betray the painful emotions of my mind. Sir Charles is a good performer, but who ever equalled Lord Oſſory? — Lord Oſſory! — Why does my pen name a man that honour and virtue inſpire my heart to reject? — Yet — yet it muſt be ſo, and yet he is not forgot! — Why do I recur to ſelf, or what is ſtill dearer, the object on whom my ſoul could have doated? Let me again ſtep back to Sir Charles Sedley, an object that muſt be for ever unintereſting: He is returned, and we are all (what the

the world calls) life!—Lady Arwell promotes every diverſion; ſome people, ſaid ſhe yeſterday, after giving orders for a ball, will accuſe me of levity, and I make no doubt, imagine my heart enjoys diſſipation; and in ſome meaſure they are not miſtaken, for whatever gives pleaſure to my Fanny, imparts the ſame ſenſation to me—her happineſs is the conſtant ſtudy of my life, conſequently her diſpoſition: I have ſeriouſly attended to the general turn of it, it is ſerious, not to ſay very grave—her heart is tender almoſt to effeminate weakneſs;—the woes of others, when known to her, immediately become her own: Such a mind requires frequent relaxation. She is too ſerious for her time of life; her whole delight is in books, her pen, and thoſe elegant accompliſhments that may be purſued in retirement. To all appearance ſhe will be to paſs moſt of

her days in the world, and I would wiſh her equal to it—we ought not to live for ourſelves. Had I followed my own real inclination after becoming a widow, I ſhould never have left the Abbey—I ſhould have collected a ſmall ſociety of worthy people around me, and ſunk into ſilence: But this dear girl was my care—for her I left my retirement—for her again I went amongſt the world, and in her welfare centers all my earthly happineſs. She is lovely—ſhe is deſcended from one of the beſt families, and I have a right to expect an alliance for her with merit—Merit is my aim—Fortune ſhall be my laſt conſideration;—But where can I find merit that will attach her? She is inſenſible to love!—Various are the propoſals that have been made to me, and ſhe rejects them all. A heart, tender like hers, cannot be ever inſenſible; ſhould ſhe love, ſhould ſhe

ſhe be ſo unhappy as to place it on a pre-engaged object, ſhe will fall a victim to the fatal paſſion. I am the promoter of every diverſion to unbend her mind, to relax it from ſtudy — to engage her fancy to variety. I would have her ſee merit in all it's various ſhapes before her youthful heart is engaged to any. While unprejudiced ſhe ſees mankind, ſhe will better judge of the whole — ſhe will more rightly diſtinguiſh the kind of merit neceſſary to make her happy.

Sir Charles Sedley has this morning made his propoſals — I know he is not the man — my wiſhes are not for him — indeed they would rather follow her lead than form any of their own. In my opinion — but you will accuſe me of partiality, Lady Hervey, 'tis my girl, the daughter of my loved Sutton's, and I am old and narrative:

— You muſt pardon me, and to change the ſubject, let us join that which has ſo long engroſſed us, and ſhe, I am certain, will ſoon engage us on another.

We found Sir Charles in the muſic-room with Lady Frances — he had touched a key that accorded not with her heart, and both were diſconcerted. We deſired a leſſon of Sacchini's — Lady Frances played—Sir Charles accompanied, but neither were in tune.

The hour of dreſſing arrived, and their embarraſſment ceaſed at their ſeparation.

The evening was devoted to play; as we had a party of thoſe unhappy people who place much of their felicity in the card table, the young people were not engaged at the ſame table;

table; and I am certain Sir Charles knows too much of the world to play the Engliſhman in the month of November on his refuſal.

You will be ſurprized to hear I have been at a maſquerade — Lady Arwell conquers all falſe prejudices — I could not avoid attending; it was at the Abbey, and I knew Lord Oſſory would not be there, for his viſit here, which ſo much alarmed me, was to take leave of his neighbours, as he is going to ſpend the ſummer at his ſeat in the north.

As I have taken your name, my Henrietta, to all who are deſirous of knowing who I am, I hope he will not diſcover I am in England, and then I truſt, I ſhall know more real felicity in this ſweet retreat and it's charming

ſociety, than I thought would ever again bleſs your Hervey.

When I ſpeak of the ſociety, you muſt give me leave to introduce you to a family greatly deſerving of better fortune — It is the Freeman's, who live within two miles of the Abbey. Mrs. Freeman is the widow of a merchant; during his life they lived in all the ſplendour that too often connects itſelf with the hopes of making a great fortune, and has too often proved the ruin of many. A numerous family was educated in the higheſt ſtyle, their expences were I find unlimited — Freeman's diſpoſition was vain and inſolent — his wife remonſtrated — ſhe urged the impoſſibility of ſupporting for any time the delicacy they were with ſo much pains ſo fondly rearing. Her remonſtrances were vain! he aſpired to high life — his ambition was to ſettle his

his children in it. After ſupporting the appearance of it for ſeventeen years, he found himſelf reduced to uncommon diſtreſs by the bankruptcy of a particular friend with whom he was connected: Freeman's ambitious ſpirit could not brook diſappointment —his life ended—alas! he was the finiſher of his own being!

Preſumptuous mortal! who dareſt to end a life created by the Supreme Power, for, no doubt, wiſe ends, and ruſh into eternity!—I pity, I deplore his fate, though unknown.

Mrs. Freeman, with ſix daughters and a ſon, were left in almoſt indigence. By the generous contributions of ſome particular friends, ſhe has, however, ſufficient to ſupport her family in a retired country life with great credit: She is an amiable ſen-

ſible woman — her character is plain but ſtriking — her heart is right, and ſhe adorns the maternal character — her girls are handſome, ingenious, and adapt themſelves, with the fineſt accompliſhments, moſt admirably to their reduced ſituations.

We had a little concert there a few nights paſſed — I never heard young ladies perform equal to them; — they ſhewed they had been ſcholars of the beſt maſters. I find they keep up all the elegant accompliſhments; and, by a happy regulation in Mrs. Freeman's management, attend to the domeſtic and uſeful. Her ſon is juſt gone to India; they are a family of harmony. — We went in the other morning, and Fanny Freeman was writing. Lady Frances is fond of them all, and ſhe knows every little ſecret of the young people's heart. — We will not interrupt

interrupt you Freeman, ſaid ſhe, continue your writing. Pray ſiſter, ſaid a younger one, ſhew the letter to Lady Frances, for I am ſure it is as good as one of Fordyce's ſermons — If it is of the inſtructive kind, ſaid her Ladyſhip, I beſpeak a copy. — She gave us one; and I incloſe it as the beſt ſpecimen of the rectitude and affection of Fanny Freeman's heart; ſhe is not yet twenty! — In her days of proſperity, I find a Mr. Meyton, a man of good fortune, had engaged her affections. On the death of her father, he was ſent abroad by his uncle, for fear of his marrying her. Lady Arwell has enquired much about him—his character bears enquiry, and anſwers to her wiſhes. He ſtill ſighs for Fanny Freeman! — His uncle requires fortune—three thouſand pounds were promiſed down. — Lady Arwell will, ſhe ſays, give her that fortune

if

if it can make her happy. Mr. Meyton is expected very ſoon to return to England; and if he is ſincere, Lady Arwell will rejoice to remove every obſtacle to their union. I value not riches, Lady Hervey, ſaid ſhe, but as they increaſe my power of doing good — the bleſſings of fortune are unequally divided — modeſt merit too often droops diſregarded! — If, as is my preſent hope, it lays in my power to make two valuable people happy, the knowledge that they are ſo pays double intereſt for that which was a free gift. I thought I had generoſity, till I knew Lady Arwell — her every ſentiment is rectitude and truth!

When, my Henrietta, will the day arrive that I may congratulate your faithful Neville? To a mind compaſſionating like your's, your conduct is quite the reverſe — when you might enlarge

enlarge the circle of your benevolence, you, with a falſe delicacy, would ſhrink into yourſelf. Be ſuperior, my friend, to all the female arts—you love Neville—he is worthy of it. By an union with him, you might make thouſands happy—yourſelf greatly ſo! Soon let me be informed, that the name I aſſume is not owned by any other. You muſt be ever happy—merit alone does not entitle, 'tis true; but it deſerves, and often meets it's reward, even in the vain buſy world; from which my ſad ſoul would gladly fly——

To happier regions wing it's flight,
And find all peace remov'd from human ſight.

I have been poetical without intending it. Bad as the lines are, they roſe from the heart of your

LOUISA HERVEY.

## PETRARCH'S ſeventh Sonnet.

I.

STREAM ever limpid, freſh and clear,
Glide on; and, in thy boſom bleſt,
Let Laura's charms renew'd appear,
And ſooth my ſorrows into reſt.
Her gentle boſom, go ye flowers adorn,
And ye bleſt ſhades ſupport her lovely form!

II.

Ye fields embelliſh'd by her grace,
Bleſt ground on which ſhe treads;
Ye ſongſters all her footſteps trace,
And ſing of Petrarch dead.
For grief ſhall ſoon theſe wretched eye-lids cloſe,
E'en now anxiety her tear beſtows.

III.

May ſome kind hand, to chear the gloom
Of death's dark manſion, lay this earth,
And ſpread it lightly round my tomb;
'Twill make me fearleſs at my ſecond birth:
For ſure the earth by heav'nly Laura trod,
Will whiſper to my ſoul—there is a God!

And

IV.

And when my ſweet majeſtic fair,
Shall viſit this delightful ſpot,
And think how love has brought me here,
She'll heave a ſigh at my ſad lot!
When ſhe ſhall view my ſilent duſt's remains,
And mark the change wrought by a lover's pains.

V.

Then will ſhe waft a gentle ſigh,
Then will ſhe drop a tender tear;
Let not a ſorrow ſtain her eye,
O! may ſome tender friend be near:
For like an infant at the breaſt,
That cannot ſpeak it's ſoft diſtreſs;
So will the heart of gentle Laura mourn,
And chryſtal ſtreams adorn my ſenſeleſs urn.

## Sonnet on the Anniverſary of LAURA's Death.

I.

WHEN ſeated on the enamell'd green,
And liſt'ning to each beauteous bird,
Enjoying the delightful ſcene,
Each warbler's lovely note I heard;
While leaves with gentle zephyrs play,
And ſeem to ſpeak the wretched day:

II.

While murmuring ſtreams as clear and bright
As her whom earth conceals;
Whom heaven in time will bring to light,
And every joy reveal:
Methinks I hear her from below,
With pity anſwer to my woe.

III.

She kindly ſays—ah! why complain,
That death has ſet me free;
Why ſhould my pleaſure give you pain,
Why will you grieve for me?
Thoſe eyes that clos'd appear to you,
Are open'd to eternal view!

Miſs

Miſs FREEMAN, to EDWARD FREEMAN.

MY dear Edward deſires to hear from his ſiſter Fanny—I comply with the deſire in compliment to the requeſt; though had it been made to your mamma, my dear, it would have been much better fulfilled. It will, I fear, appear preſumption in me to preſume to dictate to you while you are bleſſed with her—but I hope to convey her ſentiments to you. My affection ſuggeſts a thouſand fears! You are going into a new world—you ruſh at once from the maternal wing, amongſt a ſet of beings who are almoſt perfect ſtrangers to you. The hurried imagination of youth, ſees good and bad alike — I fear for you. — The firſt friends of young people very often ſtamp their future diſpoſitions: — be careful then with whom you contract

an

an intimacy; let merit alone attach you: — your diſpoſition is naturally good, but you muſt endeavour to conquer that warmth of temper which as yet I have obſerved but to increaſe: You are to conſider life as a long voyage — our unruly paſſions are the rocks we often ſplit upon — the ſtorms fatal to our peace!

Oft in the paſſions wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action in ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.

"The greateſt knowledge is our-
"ſelves to know." Attain that knowledge, conquer every unruly paſſion, and make yourſelf the favourite of God and man. While you pay a ſtrict obſervance to the laws of your Heavenly Father, and give him the worſhip due to him, you need not fear his protection. It is a very miſ-

taken

taken opinion ſome people have, that when they grow old, and have loſt all reliſh for this world, it is time enough to think of their God! — Had you a dependant who refuſed to ſerve you when in his youth and ſtrength, would you, do you think, pay that attention to his attempts when you know they proceeded from an inability to ſerve any other? Let me therefore beg of you, my dear brother, to remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth: — "Leave thy fatherleſs "children to me, ſaith the Lord, and "I will preſerve them alive." Not as to this world only, but to eternity! Fear God, and you will have nothing elſe to fear — ſecure you will ſmile amid the dreadful ſtorm; your hope is in him only who is able to preſerve you. I need hardly mention the attention you muſt pay to thoſe who have the command of you; it is ſo neceſſary

neceſſary to gain what we all deſire, the eſteem of our ſuperiors, that I ſuppoſe it natural to you. — Conſider your proper behaviour, in every reſpect, is neceſſary to the peace of a tender parent, who places all the enjoyment in the proſperity of her children, and to the happineſs of your ſiſters, who love you with tenderneſs. No idle excuſe will ever be allowed for your diſliking a life that has ever been your own choice — indeed I believe and hope you will never have a wiſh to quit it till, by your ſteady application, you have gained ſufficient to remain the reſt of your days in your native land. A deſire of riches ſeems not yet to taint your dawning virtues: — never let it approach your heart my dear brother, for a thirſt after them is the bane to peace and virtue — never is that thirſt ſatisfied — like a conſuming fire it deſtroys every generous noble

noble principle, and leaves not a tract of the human heart — imbitters all our joys — for, be aſſured

'Tis not vain grandeur that contentment brings;
From our own minds the ſatisfaction ſprings.

Happineſs is our conſtant ſearch here on earth — how few, comparatively ſpeaking, attain it — the reaſon is obvious: how few ſearch for it aright! ſome think to find it in greatneſs, the mere echo of a name — ſome in riches, vain purſuit! — ſome in fame.

What's fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us e'en before our death!

Some run the round of pleaſure's giddy maze ——

And

And e'en while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart diſtruſting — aſks if this be joy!

For a ſucceſsful ſearch after happineſs, give me leave to refer you to the admirable author I have before mentioned, whoſe lines on the ſubject I will tranſcribe for you, as you may not have them at hand.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happineſs below;
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good, without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives.
The joy unequal'd if it's end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain.
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd.
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears.

Good

Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd:
Never elated while one man's oppreſs'd,
Never dejected while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.

Adieu, my beloved brother! May one proſperous gale attend you through life. May every juſt wiſh of your heart be accompliſhed; and may many ſucceeding years find us in the poſſeſſion of thoſe bleſſings we now enjoy; and, if it be heaven's will, may they increaſe — But let us always think, "Whatever is, is right!"

Your affectionate ſiſter,

And ſincere friend,

FANNY FREEMAN.

## Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, to Colonel MORTON.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

THE ſtars of Sedley are certainly fixed ones,* and twinkle ſo very faintly, that I verily believe they overlook him.—Here have I been dancing attendance upon a divinity poſſeſſed of the brighteſt luminary, all-powerful gold, for theſe laſt two months, and am at length coolly told, I ſhall ever be eſteemed as the brother of Maria, and the ſon of good Lady Sedley. Prodigiouſly obliged to theſe two people am I; but, Morton, if their Charles gets nothing but cold eſteem for his being related to them, it will not do; I muſt purſue ſome other fair, by fortune favoured, if not by love. As long as

* Fixed ſtars twinkle—planets have a fixed light.

ſhe

ſhe can enable me to pay thoſe curſed debts I contracted at Arthur's, and to ſupport my Mariana with that ſplendor ſhe has ever been accuſtomed to, I ſhall be contented. To ſeriouſly expect happineſs with one's wife, or to love her above a few weeks after ſhe has bore one's name, is much too antiquated a thought to reſide in my mind. Though I really believe, had Lady Frances Sutton liſtened to the paſſion I meant to reveal to her, ſimulation would, in time, have given place to ſincerity, and I ſhould really have felt what I can without feeling ſo well expreſs. She is certainly uncommonly handſome — her voice is gentle as the ſummer breeze — her form is virtue, by the Graces dreſt — her mind is purer than the mountain ſnow! — Then all her paſſions are as calm as nature!

Ere ſhe taught the winds to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow.

In ſhort, there is not a feminine virtue that ſhe is not poſſeſſed of, or a gentle grace that does not attend her. As a wife I could have liked her; as a miſtreſs I would never have ſought her. In the firſt place ſhe would have credited my judgment; in the laſt, ſhe would have diſgraced my taſte. Such characters as her's are neceſſary in life; but were all females of her caſt, the man of faſhion muſt give up his deareſt vanity. I had juſt flattered myſelf with having gained Lady Arwell's intereſt, and made pretty ſure of ſucceſs with Lady Frances, from her friendſhip with Maria — My diſappointment, therefore, is more than I can expreſs. — Fifty thouſand is her preſent fortune, and ſuch expectations from a doating grandmother, as would have

have paid all my debts, enabled me to make a ſettlement on Mariana, as the enchanting devil deſires, and paid my ſiſter's fortune; which, to add to my embarraſſments, will ſoon, I fear, be required, as her admirers begin to be importunate, and Lady Sedley anxious to ſee her married. Once more will I try all the arts of ſoft perſuaſion, and hope to win Lady Frances to my purpoſe; then, if I fail, you ſee me in town immediately. — The arms of Mariana muſt ſooth my racked brain; and the Right Honourables, who demand their money, may comfort themſelves the ſame way if they like it, or wait till thirty thouſand ſmiles on thy

CHARLES SEDLEY.

## Lady FRANCES SUTTON, to Miſs SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

YOUR congratulations, my Maria, arrived on the day that cauſed them, my birth-day; and let the world deride me if they will, my birth-day is a ſolemn ſound — I was created by an all-powerful Being, not merely to exiſt and trifle out my time, "like a "vain loiterer on a publick day." My life has been preſerved to this, my twentieth year, and when I look back, in all that time what have I done that can intitle me to future bliſs? — 'Tis true, I have not committed any wilful ſin, but I can take no merit from that. My ſituation places me above temptation — my education has had religion for it's baſis; and, to the beſt of my power, I have acted up to it's

it's dictates. — Negative goodneſs was not the purpoſe we were created for — active is the duty of us all — and how much too often do the cares of this world engage our attention from the performance of thoſe duties? And did we but conſider that "*'tis but to* "*die, mortality was born,*" how very trifling would theſe cares appear; how different would be the general tenor of our lives! And it is to me aſtoniſhing, "*ſeeing that death, that neceſſary* "*end, will come when it will come,*" that human nature ſo ſhrinks at the thought — The very beſt of us have a ſecret repugnance to death — we imbibe it from the cradle; and very few, I believe, even in the courſe of a long and well-ſpent life, conquer that repugnance. — Maria, may we meet the king of terrors as will my grandmama — he is familiar to her thoughts, and ſhe will receive him as a friend through

whoſe means ſhe will be admitted to eternal happineſs. — Adieu, my friend — to you I may addreſs my ſolemn birth-day thoughts — friendſhip knows no reſerve — I could write to you much more on the ſubject — it is yet an inexhauſted topic in my mind — but I am prevented — the viſitor you promiſed me is arrived, and my preſence is deſired.

I take up a different pen — my ſubject is totally ſo — from death I come to ſpeak of love. Mr. S——'s viſit to us was, my Maria, to beſpeak my intereſt for him with thee — and he has it all — He loves you, but he fears your heart is too volatile to return his paſſion — He has merit, Maria; but perhaps you are ſenſible of it — perhaps I meant to plead for an object who has engaged the ſureſt advocate — your own heart. — I have done, therefore,

therefore, till I know how you ſtand affected towards him — Your brother leaves us to-morrow. — Maria, you muſt love your undiſcerning Frances Sutton, notwithſtanding all you may hear of her; and be aſſured that whenever ſhe can add to your happineſs, conſiſtent with her notions of rectitude, ſhe will think herſelf bleſt — at all times ſhe bears the trueſt relation to you, in being

Your ſincere friend,

FRANCES SUTTON.

Miſs SEDLEY, to Lady FRANCES SUTTON.

SEDLEY-HOUSE.

*HE ſung with admirable ſpirit, he danced delightfully!* — Ah! what availed it. — Have not you a poet though that makes theſe words ſound better? — yes — I am ſure I have read it:

Ah, what avails it (how heroic) to be young and fair,
To move with negligence, to dreſs with care?

Nothing at all — my poor rejected brother is all this, and thou, thou Meducan ſtatue, art unmoved. — Where is the Pygmalion that can animate thy breathing beauties into love? What mortal can convince the world that thou art one? — *Speak boldly out, my Maria!* How I go backwards and forwards

wards on the ſubjects of your laſt letter, as they riſe to my mind! And ſhall I ſpeak boldly out?—Oh, my dear Fanny, my friend, my more than ſiſter, let your example teach me; till it does I am dumb.—I have both your laſt letters now laying before me: your birth-day thoughts are worthy of the mind they ſprung from—I reverence, I adore, and, while I humbly imitate the brighteſt original of nature's works, I feel my inſufficiency and fear.

Why did you take a different pen? death or love is equal to me; I know as much of the one as the other, and wiſh both at a great diſtance I aſſure you.——O! you may ſave yourſelf the trouble of pleading for Mr. S——; from night to morn, from morn to dewy eve, he is employed at that buſineſs, and Lady Sedley and a thouſand other buſy people, give him all poſſi-

ble aſſiſtance, and, with all impertinence, do not ſeem to think that advocate you mention ſo neceſſary as their advice; and what a ridiculous paſſion, when conſidered, is that they endeavour to make me feel. — Miſs R—— told me, the other day, I was undeſerving my good fortune; that had S—— addreſſed her, ſhe muſt have loved him extravagantly. — Do I not give him ſufficient return for his preference, ſaid I, by not denying the promiſe my mother has made, that I will be his. — Your mother's promiſe! — Ah, Miſs Sedley, you know not the generous tender feelings of the nobleſt paſſion. R——, it is a perfect maſquerade; I was at one laſt winter, and never was more tired of any thing that is called an amuſement: we put on maſks that diſguiſed our real characters; we ſaid a vaſt deal, but all to the tune of I know you, do you know me?

Thus

Thus it is in courtſhip, each party puts on the moſt deluſive maſk, and all they ſay is, I love you, pray love me. — Soon after we were tired we left the maſquerade, and the next morning found immortals mortal — So, to continue the compariſon, after a time fixed by one's friends has been promiſed and ſighed away, the lovers are married — the maſks are dropped, and hate ſucceeds the moſt violent love. — R—— told me I was ridiculous; and ſhe, not willing I ſuppoſe to be leſs ſo, entertained the company with this pretty dialogue; and now I am continually teazed to end this maſquerade; and indeed it is ſo very unintereſting a ſcene to me, that I only wait for my friend's example to degenerate from the ſingle goddeſs to the married mortal.

My

My brother, whom, by the way, you muſt let me call my generous brother, for indeed my Fanny he is all my mother and I could wiſh, deſires me, with the utmoſt conſideration and tenderneſs, to unite myſelf to no one till I am fully ſenſible they will deſerve his Maria. — He cannot, he tells me, yet return to Sedley-Houſe; that the honoured friend of Lady F. Sutton would ſo remind him of that bright original, that he ſhould never ceaſe to accuſe his ill fated ſtars; and he would not, by his dejection, damp, for a moment, the vivacity that gladdens the heart of our worthy parent. — Ah, my friend, you, in a former letter, bid me not pity Sir Charles Sedley. — I could almoſt wiſh he was that faſhionable man you ſeem to hint, for then he would not feel his preſent diſappointment. Worthy as I believe him, I do not think he has merit that intitles him

to

to the ambitious hope his love dictated to him — but he is my brother, and he has my pity.

Lord Belmont's character ſurprizes one — may you be ſenſible of his merit. It is an age ſince I have heard from you, but I cannot wonder, only let me know you are happy, and in that knowledge your

MARIA SEDLEY will find herſelf ſo.

Lady

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA ORMOND.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

THE morning was uncommonly fine, the ſun aroſe with unuſual ſplendour; nature appeared to renew her youth, and, like that happy climate mentioned in the *Inca's* *, the ſeaſons ſeemed united. The beauty of the animated ſcene invited us to walk. We were deeply engaged in converſation; Sir Charles Sedley had become our ſubject; he had offended the delicacy of Lady Frances — with an aſſurance that belongs to our modern fine gentlemen, he had again preſumed to name his wiſhes to her — and with a freedom and impetuoſity that too plainly denoted his character.

* The Inca's, tranſlated from the Perſian by Marmontel.

We

We were ſo engaged in converſation that we miſtook our way, and, till we found ourſelves entering a wood to which we were ſtrangers, diſcovered not our miſtake. The ſcene was one of the moſt romantic that nature ever formed; at ſome diſtance we diſcovered a cottage, to which we reſolved to make our way, and gain intelligence how to get home; but, as we were walking on, we heard the ſound of a child ſinging: we ſtopped, and the moſt beautiful girl of four years old came up to us — we aſked her name — it was Selina, ſhe had no other ſhe ſaid — Who was her mama? — Mama had fell aſleep a little farther in the wood; they had come out to walk, but mama ſaid ſhe was tired, and then fell down, and had been aſleep ever ſince; ſhe hoped ſhe would wake ſoon, for ſhe wanted her dinner. — Selina conducted us to the place where her mama

mama lay; it was in the center of the wood—her face was to the ground, but her figure was the fineſt I ever beheld; her dreſs had the appearance of a perſon of faſhion, it was muſlin, and ſhe was nice to a degree of delicacy. — Our ſteps and voices did not wake her — we were ſurprized, and, on approaching nearer, found ſhe had fainted — we raiſed her from the ground, and, with the utmoſt difficulty, brought her to life. — Her countenance had all the remains of beauty; ſhe ſeemed not more than four or five and twenty, and yet death lurked in the leſſened luſtre of her eye, and ſhe appeared his willing prey. — Am I brought back again to this hated world, ſaid ſhe, my Selina? I thought by this time thou wouldeſt not have known a friend in the world. But to whom is my child obliged for her poor friendleſs mother's reſtoration?

tion? — Talk not of obligations, madam, ſaid we, let us conduct you to your home, you want refreſhment. — That cottage is my home, ladies — The tears fell from her eyes as ſhe ſpoke — we ſupported her to it; ſhe was all thankfulneſs for our attention, yet we would not permit her to acknowledge it. — She fainted juſt before we reached the cottage; the miſtreſs of it came to our aſſiſtance, and carried her to her bed, where hyſteric fits ſucceeded, and we feared ſhe was about to leave the world which, by her account, had frowned on her. — The cottager uſed every means to reſtore her, and after ſome time ſhe recovered, but remained ſo weak and low her voice could not be heard. — Our curioſity was engaged the firſt moment we beheld her, our compaſſion ſucceeded, and we felt ourſelves deeply intereſted in her fate. — All we could

learn

learn of Mrs. Wilton (the miſtreſs of the cottage) was, that ſhe came there three years ago, ſaid ſhe was a widow, was come for the benefit of the air, as ſhe was then ill, but had got worſe ever ſince: No one ever came to ſee her; that ſhe was the beſt lady in the world, and the moſt religious; that till ſhe had got ſo bad ſhe often converſed with them, and talked wiſer than their parſon; that ſhe paid for her board, and ſhe was ſure her huſband and her daughter and ſhe would be more ſorry when ſhe came to die than any one could imagine, for they loved her as themſelves; and as for Selina, they reſolved, as to be ſure the poor lady had no friends, to keep her, and bring her up as their daughter.

We deſired Mrs. Wilton to attend her as uſual, and we would ſend a phyſician to her, for we feared ſhe had

had not much longer to live; told her we ſhould call again to-morrow, and, if the lady was better, would wiſh to ſee her, and offer our aſſiſtance. — The poor woman's gratitude diſtreſſed us — We hurried back to the park, and ſent all the aſſiſtance to Wilton's cottage that was poſſible. The walk had fatigued us, and we mean to go on horſeback to-morrow, but leave our horſes with the ſervants at ſome diſtance. — Diſtreſs, of what kind ſoever, claims our higheſt reſpect — all appearances of ſtate inſult poverty, and for that reaſon we mean to keep our rank ſecret till we know more of the hiſtory of this fair unfortunate.

We found Lady Arwell reading a letter from Lord Belmont — ſhe gave it Lady Frances. — My Fanny knows

my

my wiſhes; Lord Belmont is amiable — Speak them, my grandmama, and I will perform them; but your Fanny has not yet ſeen the man in whoſe power it is to make her happy. — Ah! Henrietta, I believe it — it is not in Lord Oſſory's power, he ſtill retains his firſt impreſſion. — Ill fated maid, ſhe loves without ſuſpecting it herſelf — I am ſure ſhe loves Lord Oſſory — ſhe dwells with rapture on his praiſes. — Rapture is not Lady Frances Sutton's general ſtile. — Nothing he has ſaid is forgot. — Amiable lovely girl, and muſt ſhe be a prey to hopeleſs love? — Lady Arwell does not ſuſpect it, ſhe recites his praiſes every day — her dear child is never ſo animated — I view her lovely face — the words of the poet are indeed in her exemplified:

'The heart of woman taſtes no truer joy,
Is never flatter'd with ſuch dear enchantment,
As when ſhe hears the praiſes of the man ſhe loves;
'Tis more than ſelfiſh vanity.

THOMPSON's Tancred.

How well did this beautiful author ſtudy the human heart, and in how many amiable ſituations in life has he painted it. — Adieu for the preſent; I will not finiſh my letter till you know more of our cottager.

Before we ſet out this morning, the phyſician we had ſent to Wilton's came to deſire us to poſtpone our viſit till his patient was ſomething better, as the leaſt hurry would, at preſent, he feared, be fatal, and ſhe was too impatient, for her weak ſtate, to expreſs her gratitude. — He believes her

her paſt recovery, and is, like us, anxious to know all concerning her.—Lady Arwell has ſent her houſekeeper and attendant to ſee what is wanted; the latter is to be left to nurſe her.

Believe me your

LOUISA HERVEY.

Sir

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, to Colonel MORTON.

NEW-BOND-STREET.

DISAPPOINTED—foiled—curſedly out of humour with every thing about me.—I arrived in town, reſolving to ſee thee, and hear, if poſſible, of my better genius; ſomething to reſtore me once more to Charles Sedley; but Morton

*Was gone to hear the diſmal yell*
*Of an old ſuffering dying criminal.*

Attending upon a father, who, by my ſoul, I wiſh was releaſed, (and a charitable wiſh it is let me tell thee) that I might again have thy company, for never needed I it more—I know not what to do. This humour, thought I, will not do for Mariana; I was

drove therefore to Arthur's — but my ill genius ſtill prevailed — I loſt confoundedly; and, for the firſt time, loſt all command of myſelf, and was in a paſſion — I believe they wanted to get rid of me. Lord B—— told me that Mariana, who he met laſt night at Ranelagh, was dying to ſee me. — I flew to Bond-Street — ſhe was at home, and alone — the faithful infatuating charmer chid me for my abſence — I gained her pardon — ſhe ſaw me out of ſpirits — immediately ſhe diſpatched invitations to ſome of our friends, and, as if by inchantment, a *vingt une party*, and a *petite ſouper* concluded the evening. — In the arms of Mariana I forgot my diſappointment. — Lady Frances Sutton is a rigid formaliſt; ſhe has beauty it is true, but Mariana is the goddeſs of the year, and ever ſhall be; I never will part with her. — No,

Morton,

Morton, ſhe loves me. — She is all that I could wiſh for in woman, and, in poſſeſſing her, I have a richer treaſure than all Lady Arweil's gold. — The dear, the generous creature, knows of my diſappointment, and tries to alleviate it all in her power; and ſhe has lately had ſo great a run of luck, that preſent ſupplies are not wanted. — Yet I will marry, her generoſity deſerves a return, and I cannot make her one till by marriage I am enabled to make her a handſome ſettlement. — Here ſhe comes — and you, and all the world, muſt give way to her, ſays thy

CHARLES SEDLEY.

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA ORMOND.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

I AM juſt returned from Wilton's cottage, ſtill more intereſted in the fate of their unfortunate lady. — She had roſe in the morning to be ready to receive us, but found herſelf ſo very weak that ſhe was obliged to lay on her bed. — When we entered ſhe attempted again to riſe — the attempt was vain. — Oh! Lady Hervey, Lady Frances Sutton, ſaid ſhe, you have higher titles, though what can be great enough for ſuch angel goodneſs? — We were ſurprized at her naming us; ſome one, contrary to our orders, had told her from whence ſhe received that aſſiſtance ſhe ſtood in ſo much need of. — Ah, ladies, continued ſhe, the

the Power, in whoſe mercy I truſt, can alone return you thoſe bleſſings you, with a generoſity unequalled, beſtow on a ſtranger wretch, undeſerving of favour. — She was uncommonly agitated. — We told her no idle curioſity prompted our viſit; our deſire was to ſerve her, and the only way we wiſhed to be thanked was in her recovery. — She ſhook her head — it is impoſſible, and, pardon me ladies if I ſay, I do not wiſh it — My heart is unuſed to deceit — I have been guilty — Penitence has ſucceeded, and, I hope, will be accepted.

My name is Villars — my father is an officer proud of his family, and his riches is an unſpotted honour; he had a large family; I was, alas! the eldeſt of eight, and, till I knew Sir Charles Sedley, was the happieſt of the whole. — By a ſucceſſion of the vileſt arts,

maſked under an honourable purpoſe, I fell a victim to his baſe deſires. — It was the error of a moment. — My father's ſpirit animated my breaſt; conſcious of my ſhame, I could not undergo the compaſſion of my mother, and the diſpleaſure of my father. — I had diſgraced the family, and I reſolved to quit it for ever. — The ſtruggle between the conſcious ſenſe of loſt honour and affection almoſt overpowered me. — I left my home privately, and remained in ſecret in London till the birth of Selina. At that period Sir Charles again diſcovered my retreat, and I quitted it. — Thinking the country the moſt ſecret place, here I came three years ago — The Wilton's have honeſt hearts, and with them I hope to end my days. — A legacy of fifteen hundred pounds was left me by my godmother; that has ſupported me, and will be all my

Selina's

Selina's portion. —— You have now, ladies, the hiſtory of the unfortunate Villars — Had I ſtrength to have wrote it, I ſhould have been more particular — my crimes might then have hoped for your pity — I was not intentionally criminal; my ſoul diſdains vice. —— I have wrote to my family, but they know not where I am — they deſire me to return — Pity, pardon, and forgetfulneſs are promiſed. My error deſerves them not, and I will not add to their miſery by a ſight of my ſufferings — I cannot forgive myſelf. —— Here her ſtrength failed her, and ſhe fainted. — When ſhe recovered we inſiſted on her ſilence — recollection had overpowered her. Lady Frances told her to be perfectly eaſy about Selina, for I, ſays the lovely girl, will take care of her, till you, Miſs Villars, are reſtored to health.— She wept. — Oh, ladies, ſuch goodneſs

overpowers me — how unexpected! — But laſt Sunday I thought I ſhould unnoticed ſoon leave the world, and my child not have a friend but the Wilton's. — I love the dear innocent; for her I have endeavoured to preſerve my health, but a natural conſumptive conſtitution could not ſtand the attacks all my paſſions have made on them — I am not yet twenty-four, and I long to arrive at that land where all things are forgotten. — Her tears flowed afreſh — Selina was alarmed — My dear mama, ſaid the ſweet child, the ladies won't hurt you; do not be frighted, they love your Selina — then taking her hand ſhe placed it in Lady Frances's — Love mama, ſaid ſhe, and let me be your little girl too. — Lady Frances embraced her. — We thought Miſs Villars wanted repoſe, and we took the child back with us to the Abbey. — She is a very engaging girl,

and

and is remarkably fond of Lady Frances. — In the evening ſhe returned to the cottage, as her mama is not eaſy when ſhe is out of her ſight, and ſhe ought not to be abridged of the few comforts that are left her. — What an inſtance of greatneſs of mind is diſplayed in the conduct of Miſs Villars. Conſcious of her own unworthineſs, ſhe withdrew herſelf from paternal affection at a time when ſhe moſt needed it — ſenſible of the diſgrace one erroneous moment had made her to her family, ſhe no longer conſented to receive thoſe marks of affection that are due to innocence — virtue I will not ſay, for that ſhe poſſeſſes in an eminent degree. — A heart like hers, ſo deeply wounded by deviation from that path, from which to ſtray is almoſt certain ill, muſt be replete with virtue; and how greatly muſt ſuch a heart ſuffer? — But ſuffering is the lot

of humanity — I look round the world — I ſee it general. — Reſignation is our duty — difficult is the attainment. — But are not our woes dealt out to us by the kind hand of a Father, who proportions our trials to our ſtrength? It is ſo — and I kiſs the rod that inflicts our miſery or joy, as it ſeemeth beſt.

I was going to conclude this letter, but your laſt is juſt brought me, and I will return you thanks for it. — What you tell me of Sir Charles Sedley does not aſtoniſh me in the leaſt, he is the very character I believed him. As to his preſent connection, I think it is the very one I ſhould have imagined he would have been engaged in. — I heard of Mariana while I was in Italy — ſhe came from thence — her parents are of a family of light character, even in a country where the idea

idea of female virtue is not ſo nice as with us. — When I firſt heard of her, ſhe was the general talk of Naples — She had left the Marquis of ———, and, by all the arts ſhe is too well miſtreſs of, had engaged the Duke de ——— ; he ſupported her in a ſtile of magnificence that became his wife alone. — The Ducheſs was of a tender diſpoſition ; reſentment never harboured in her breaſt — ſhe fell into a melancholy which induced her to retire into a convent. — The Duke was made happy by it ; little as her preſence had reſtrained him, he now felt himſelf free from all ; and he indulged himſelf and Mariana in all they could wiſh. — Her extravagance was unbounded, and, in a ſhort time, they were reduced to almoſt diſtreſs. — This occaſioned him to look into his affairs ; the effect was remonſtrance to Mariana — they were both warm — con-

verſation on the ſubject encreaſed their paſſion — the Duke fell a victim to it — Mariana, it is ſaid, was not wholly innocent — a poignard was talked of — but ſhe eſcaped juſtice! —— I was told ſhe had reſolved her next connection ſhould be with an Engliſhman. — But I muſt conclude; Lady Frances is waiting for me to go to Wilton's. —— Adieu, my Henrietta — What ills are in this world! they impreſs my mind with a general dread of all, each preying on the other — My God! how unworthy are thy creatures of thy bounty!

Oh, teach me what is good —
Teach me thyſelf ——
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit —
And feed my ſoul with knowledge,
Conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs.

Thine, LOUISA HERVEY.

## Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, to Colonel MORTON.

NEW-BOND-STREET.

*COURAGE vous me verrez tant tot un autre homme.* — Bleſt be my happy form — bleſt be the taylor's and the hair-dreſſer's art. — *Sir Charles Sedley! Oh, the elegant, the well dreſſed man!* — Theſe were the words that drew my attention to a female face, as I ſauntered round Ranelagh ſome nights ago, Mariana, as uſual, hanging on my arm. — Purſue your admirer, ſaid ſhe — If ſhe has fortune, ſaid I, for thee I will purſue her. — Her grateful heart ſpoke at her lovely eyes, and we ſeparated — The company had likewiſe ſeparated me from my admirer. — In ſeeking her I met Captain Lorren; but my attention was ſoon engaged by the ſound of *ah man cœur!*

*cœur!* — He bowed to the lady who had ſpoke the above. — You know that lady, Lorren; ſhe is in love with you, I ſuppoſe, for as we paſſed ſhe talked about her heart. — Indeed Sir Charles you are quite miſtaken; I have been refuſed, for I loved her fortune — but Miſs would love a title — you might ſtand a chance, if you thought an expectancy from that old gentleman, her father, of forty thouſand pounds, worth your while to marry for. — Say you ſo, then introduce me. — The next time we met we joined the groupe of figures that belonged to my admirer. — Give me leave, Miſs Loveſhow, ſaid the Captain, to introduce Sir Charles Sedley as a man of the firſt faſhion. — His appearance convinces me of that, Captain Lorren, *mieux que* any thing you can ſay, returned ſhe — at the ſame time caſting up a pair of bold black eyes to mine,

mine, imitating a vivacity that was evidently forced to add to their brilliancy, as ſhe thought, but which gave them the *ſtare confident*; the Engliſh, Sir Charles, are ſo *barbare*, they think a character with an acquaintance as neceſſary as it is with a ſervant; as if people of faſhion could not diſtinguiſh each other from the vulgar.—Great ſouls—you know the lines.—Give me leave to apply them, *ma belle*, as the wiſh of my heart—Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn.—She affected to bluſh, looked down, heaved a ſigh, to ſhew me ſhe had diſplayed her neck to public view, then laughed—O, you men of faſhion will apply, whether we give leave or no.—*Mais je vous aſſure*, ſaid I, that I am ſincere; *par ma foi*, I adore you.—*Oh je vous croi*, ſaid ſhe, at the ſame time giving me a look that convinced me my conqueſt was ſure.——

Her

Her father, a little plain looking man, with all imaginable deference to my ſirſhip, begged Miſs would go to tea, for he longed to attack the farthing rolls, and take out his half crown. — *Ah, mon Dieu!* Sir, ſaid ſhe, I would not be ſeen at the tea-table yet, *pour tout le monde*; and Sir Charles, I dare ſay, has but juſt taken his coffee — then apologizing to me for the barbariſm of her father, ſhe poſtponed the old gentleman's tea for ſome time longer, and we converſed in the ſame ſtile as before, a repetition of which will be needleſs, for you have now idea enough of her manner to comprehend her perſon, when I tell you ſhe is by nature underſized, healthy, robuſt, aukward, and ignorant. — Thus nature has made her, and ſee how ſhe has improved her plan — A month's travelling in France has made her neither of that country or her native

tive one; a mixture of both is ſeen in her very look, and her very features have caught the infection. In her dreſs ſhe is ridiculous to an extreme, and her idea of women of faſhion is more or leſs, according to the ſize of their heads. — Such is the woman who is now putting up to be Lady Sedley, and ſuch is the woman whom thy friend Charles is about to make his wife! —— I received an invitation that night to viſit them, at their houſe in ——— Lane; and, after being well aſſured that ſhe would undoubtedly be a large fortune, I went, and made propoſals which were accepted; and I am to have thirty thouſand down, and a promiſe of thirty more on the old gentleman's death. —— You would be diverted to ſee me playing the lover to a thing I muſt ever deteſt! Was I diſpoſed to attempt to improve my wife, the attempt would be

be vain, if Miſs Loveſhow ſhould have that honour — her conceit is beyond imagination. — I think it is needleſs to ſay ſhe is an only child, and her father believes no one is equal to his Sally — a name, the vulgarity of which ſhocks her — She was always convinced ſhe was intended for quality, and is for ever accuſing her malicious ſtars that ſhe ſprung from the city. — Had her father the felicity of being poſſeſſed of a reaſonable daughter, I believe he might have been a man reſpected, in the ſphere reaſon would have dictated him to have moved in: but ſo out of his element does this girl place him, that a man on ſhore is the moſt happy being of the two.

I have letters from my mother and Mr. S——, reſpecting Maria. — I have certainly been to blame as to the latter;

latter; for, knowing my own expences would not permit me to pay her fortune, I have refuſed many offers for her, that might have made her happy. — I will do it no longer; Mr. S——, is an unexceptionable man — I will haſten my own wedding from the laudable purpoſe of promoting my ſiſter's happineſs. —— She condoles with me on my refuſal from her friend; calls her all that is good, great, and lovely, and very civilly tells me, there is not a man in the world that deſerves her. —— Maria is an unconceited wit, with a great deal of good nature and good ſenſe. — I ſhall anſwer her in her own vein of raillery, and for that purpoſe concludes thy

CHARLES SEDLEY.

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA ORMOND.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

YOU are aſtoniſhed, you ſay, my Henrietta, that I am become ſuch an advocate for matrimony — you tell me it is inconſiſtent with my ſufferings and my conduct to Lord Oſſory; can I, do you think, judge only by my own unhappy caſe? — you are miſtaken, I have put ſelf entirely out of the queſtion — it is the future happineſs of my friend I am an advocate for, and, in pleading the cauſe of Neville, my reaſon aſſures me, if I ſucceed, I enſure the happineſs of Henrietta.

Your invitation I cannot accept; your way of life is too public for me, and I ſhall, moſt probably, leave England

land again without ſeeing the friend of my youth, the kind participer in all that is my lot on earth.—— I had promiſed myſelf great ſatiſfaction in the charming woods of Beechen-Shade; but they ſtill know no miſtreſs, and, till Lady Henrietta Neville enlivens that paradiſe, I ſhall not viſit it.—— What can I ſay, my friend, that I have not ſaid before, to incline you to reſign the ſingle life?— I will introduce you to Lady Arwell's dreſſing-room, where a dialogue on the ſame ſubject paſſed a few days ago.—— You are firſt to be informed that Lord Belmont is now with us, and has the good wiſhes of Lady Arwell.—We had been engaged in a converſation in which his lordſhip had, with the utmoſt modeſty, diſplayed the greateſt abilities; when it concluded he left us to take a ride.

What

What a ſatisfaction it is to me, my Fanny, ſaid the enraptured parent, to hope that ſo amiable a man as Belmont will have the future protection of my child. —— Lady Frances ſighed — changed colour — but ſpoke not —— Aſſure me I do not flatter myſelf, my love, when I hope you will not be inſenſible to the merits of this accompliſhed man. —— She roſe — took Lady Arwell's hand — the tear ſtarted from her eye — ſhe would have diſpelled it, but the pearly drop fell on her grandmother's hand — ſhe kiſſed it off. —— I am unworthy ſuch merit —I wiſh not to marry; I can never be ſo happy as with you. — Do not, my dear grandmama, do not wiſh me to loſe the beloved name of Sutton. —— Why this agitation? returned the beſt of women; does my girl know a preference for any other object? — reveal it, my love, if you do — "Not

"loving

"loving firſt, but loving wrong, is "ſhame." —— Her colour returned —I wiſh to remain ſingle — I will know no unworthy preference — My heart is not, I hope, a little one — but my joys can only derive from a ſingle life —— Believe me, my child, you will find yourſelf miſtaken; beſides, my dear, the purpoſe of your creation will not be anſwered in your remaining ſingle — you will yourſelf find that unconnected ſtate become more and more ſo every year. — You may tell me that your rank and fortune will ever make you friends; and I will add a ſtill ſtronger reaſon for people's becoming that character to you — your merit; — but ſhort lived are theſe attachments: as thoſe friends that make them engage in the nearer one's in life, they draw from you. — As your youth declines, the flow of animal ſpirits ceaſe. — You look within yourſelf—

yourſelf — you are a ſolitary being. — You look among your acquaintance, they have a thouſand relative connections that engage them from you. — You have generoſity, you yield to its impulſe, and you feel you are not totally uſeleſs. — I do not deny the poſſibility of that generally ridiculed being, an old maid, enjoying ſeveral felicities that many a married woman would give up all her honours to enjoy; but I muſt ever think that where a young woman has it in her power to make a prudent connection, ſhe is moſt likely, by ſo doing, more fully to acquit herſelf of the duties of life. Situated as my Fanny is, a marriage with Lord Belmont is much to be wiſhed, his character is unexceptionable. — When I am taken from her, ſhe has not a near relation in the world — no tender brother, no affectionate ſiſter, no relation to afford her the

the ſanction of protection, and ſkreen her from the cenſure of the world; to which ſhe will become accountable for a conduct that, though I am perſuaded will not deſerve reproach, will not, perhaps, eſcape cenſure; for envy loves a high and lofty mark, and wounds the deepeſt where the object's great. —— Lady Frances roſe — changed her ſeat — Teach me obedience to the beſt of parents thou Power Supreme ſaid ſhe. — Direct me, my grandmama — my conduct is at your diſpoſal. —— Receive then, my love, ſaid ſhe, the addreſſes of the enamoured Belmont — I will have no compulſion; if, after knowing his merit, you find it not the ſort in which you place your expectations, my wiſhes ſhall ſubmit to the refuſal of reaſon. —— She looked compliance — ſhe could only look — her heart was too full to ſpeak — it would have betrayed her emo-

tions. Lady Arwell embraced her — the preſſure of affection diſſolved the little ſtock of reſolution Lady Arwell's requeſt had left, and ſhe quitted the room in tears —— But the dialogue has had its effect — ſhe receives, though coolly, the addreſſes of Lord Belmont. —— May Frances and Henrietta, in their own good time, be united to the two worthy men who alone deſerve ſuch merit.

Lord Belmont is really one of the moſt amiable young noblemen I ever beheld; his perſon is more than handſome; though not perfectly beautiful, it is infinitely more agreeable; his manners are poliſhed, and free from every appearance of fault; he is too much in love to appear to that advantage that is natural to him. — May Lady Frances be as ſenſible of his merit as every unprejudiced perſon muſt be.

be. — Though I am convinced ſhe is attached to another, yet I hope ſhe may conquer that attachment, as that other pays her no more attention than every feeling heart muſt pay ſo amiable a creature; for really ſhe approaches as near to perfection as any mortal being can.

I attended her yeſterday on her benevolent tour, and received the higheſt ſatisfaction. — Did but the daughters of vanity know the uncommon beauty that dawns on their charms after ſuch a walk, ſurely they would take it themſelves, and not, as is too often the caſe, truſt their bounty to a mercenary who knows not compaſſion — Bleſſings follow her ſteps whereever ſhe treads — her preſence chears the languid head of ſickneſs — her enquiries are a reſtorative cordial. — I have not ſeen an eye regard Lady

Frances with coldneſs — She gladdens the heart depreſſed by affliction — the cold boſom of age animates by her appearance — grey hairs ſupplicate the Almighty for her welfare — youth join in the prayers, and even infants liſp forth her praiſes. — May ſhe be as happy as ſhe is wiſhed to be. —— Adieu, my Henrietta, I ſhall diſpatch this with the ſame wiſhes to you,

From your

LOUISA HERVEY.

Sir

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, to Colonel MORTON.

NEW-BOND-STREET.

YOU are diverted with my wife that is to be, and you want the refuſal of Mariana — but, Morton, ſhe is not to be parted with — She is mine by all the ties of love and honour — mine by a ſtricter law than prieſts have made — mine by inclination. —— You tell me a plain downright man like Loveſhow, will never conſent to my keeping ——. That is of no conſequence — his daughter will, does, and ſhall. — If I am a huſband, I will be the very thing, a tyrant huſband, if ſhe dare oppoſe — But in this reſpect ſhe will not; for talking on the ſubject of keeping, Loveſhow exclaimed againſt it as a

vice, and declared that if he knew the man guilty of it, whom he ſhould hereafter be connected with, he would diſinherit him. — Miſs ſaid, it was now become ſo faſhionable that ſhe believed a miſtreſs was as neceſſary an appendage to a man of faſhion as his carriage, and that his taſte was not more ſhewn in the one than the other — indeed ſhe hoped that, in ſome meaſure, the creatures benefited Society, as ſhe could not but imagine the faithleſsneſs and extravagance of them, might ſometimes convince a man his wife had more merit than he at firſt believed —— She is deviliſhly miſtaken, Morton! — Loveſhow moves not in the circle of faſhion, and is not therefore likely to hear of Mariana. — I am once more thy Charles Sedley, and he believes me guilty of no ſuch vice. —— By the way, I ſhall require no ſmall ſhare of fineſſe to

ſupport

ſupport the character I wear at Sedley-Houſe — They wiſh me with them; and Maria ſays ſhe waits for her brother's ſanction to admit Mr. S—— as her favoured lover. — Accepted he muſt not be, till I am in poſſeſſion of the expected fortune; I have therefore excuſed my preſence on account of a late diſappointment, from which a dejection of ſpirits has ariſen, that the variety of a town life alone can diſpel. — This has ſucceeded, and, when all is ſettled reſpecting my marriage, I ſhall ſurprize them by aſking Lady Sedley's conſent. — Maria's pride in her friend will take the alarm — Strange that I ſhould ſo ſoon forget — ſo ſoon recover — Oh, I ſhall ſtill be attached to the mirror of all perfection. —— She imagines that to be Lady Frances Sutton — I believe it my Mariana. —— I was not deſirous of marriage, but after ſuch overtures

from the lady, whoſe fortune would ſo improve the family eſtate, and as I, *as Lady Sedley ſays*, am ever willing to improve it for the benefit of poſterity, this was literally a golden opportunity not to be miſſed. —— But, between you and I, Morton, let poſterity provide for itſelf — What has it done that requires the ſacrifice of our pleaſures for its ſupport? — nothing. — Circulation is the moſt generous; let all mankind feel its influence; and humble birth, in its due rotation, enjoy the riches amaſſed by the higheſt. — The preſent is the time for enjoyment. — Philoſophers may talk, and ſchoolmen teach, but, after all, the preſent only is certain, and certain joys will be reaped while in the power of thy

CHARLES SEDLEY.

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA ORMOND.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

I Rejoice in all that gives my Henrietta pleaſure; and as your tour has proved ſo agreeable, I hope hereafter, in ſome future one, to have the happineſs of ſeeing you in Italy, for that country I now look upon as my home; the beauties of my little villa there increaſe every year, and will long after its preſent owner is at peace.

I have not wrote to you during your abſence from London, not knowing at what place my letters would find you; you are therefore now likely to have a very long letter, as you deſire to know every tranſaction that paſſes at the Park, and we have been much engaged lately. —— The enamoured

moured Belmont becomes more and more ſo every day, but the bright object of his paſſion is as unmoved as at the firſt. — It is viſible to me that it is no trivial pain to Lady Frances to receive his addreſſes, but the wiſhes of Lady Arwell conquer even her own prejudices. — A heart, replete with ſenſibility as hers, knows no ſmall ſtruggle between duty and the inclinations of a youthful paſſion. — Her mind is noble — ſhe would ſee every thing through the clear medium of reaſon; and I doubt not but time, and the aſſiduities of the amiable Belmont, will baniſh her preſent prepoſſeſſion. —— Nothing can more fully diſplay the true greatneſs of her ſoul than her conduct to the innocent Selina — She is ſteady to her firſt declaration of providing for and protecting her. — I told her the many inconveniences that might attend ſuch a charge to her, and

and begged ſhe would make a reverſion of her to me; at the ſame time alledging the benefits ſhe might receive from being educated under my eye in Italy. — You muſt excuſe me, Lady Hervey, ſaid ſhe; though I am ſenſible that your protection might be of more advantage to her, I ſhould accuſe myſelf of a narrow mind if I reſigned my firſt intention. — She is the unfortunate child of a man who is unworthy of his family. — I reſpect Lady Sedley, and would be happy to prevent her any cauſe of uneaſineſs; that was the firſt impulſe of my deſire, to prevent, if poſſible, that worthy woman's knowledge of a vice in her ſon, at which I know her generous nature would ſtart. — Maria Sedley is the friend of my earlieſt days — ſhe believes her brother perfect — the belief is neceſſary to her happineſs — the knowing that he is not ſo would not

benefit him; he is paſt all hopes of reforming by a mother's prayers, or the tears of a virtuous ſiſter. — I own his conduct in reſpect to me has diſpleaſed me. — It is my grandmama's principle to let humanity conquer all prejudices — I can only ſatisfy myſelf I act according to ſuch a juſt principle by providing for Selina, and protecting her, if Miſs Villars ſhould leave her. — My fortune is large, and every child of ſorrow has a right to partake of it with me. — I will give her a moderate education, a refined one will not conduce to her happineſs; ſhe ſhall not be an humble friend, but ſhe ſhall, if poſſible, be a deſirable companion.

Do you not admire this principle of Lady Frances? — I relinquiſhed my deſire, and applauded her ſentiments. — And indeed, my Henrietta, though it

it was a charge my nature would gladly have taken, yet that nature ſeemed to aſk, how long I thought it would be in my power to give protection?

Your kind enquiries, my friend, repeat not — I know it will pain you when I anſwer them. — Where-ever I go the barbed arrow ſtill ſticks in my heart, and muſt I think, ere long, level me with the duſt.

Miſs Villars is declining apace, ſhe is no longer able to quit her chamber. We viſit her conſtantly, and are more intereſted than ever — She is the trueſt penitent poſſible — We wiſh to inform Mrs. Villars of her ſituation, but ſhe will not permit it, nor give us her direction. — My fault, ſays the ſweet ſufferer, has ſufficiently pained the beſt of mothers — was ſhe preſent at the ſufferings of that fault, it would over-

power

power her gentle nature — I have juſtly forfeited all her tenderneſs, and am not worthy the thouſand nameleſs comforts her preſence could beſtow. — It is ſome time ſince I heard from her; from the contents of my laſt I flatter myſelf, by this time, ſhe believes me no more; and the duty of my ſiſters will, I hope, ſo engage her affections, as to obliterate from her mind every thought of her firſt born. —— We aſſured her her penitence had abſolved, in our opinion, her fault, and pleaded the anxiety of a parent for her offſpring, and the duty ſhe was under of preſerving life as long as poſſible, with the belief that maternal conſolations alone could induce to it. —— She wept — bleſſed us for our attention, told us that our promiſe of taking care of Selina engroſſed all her mind — ſhe was unworthy maternal conſolation, and begged to change the ſubject.

ject. —— It affected her too much, and we complied; though I am not without hopes that we may yet give this tender parent an opportunity of perſonally aſſuring her dying child of her pardon. — Was I her mother, I ſhould be eternally obliged to any one who could direct my eager affection to the forlorn mourner; I would ſooth her troubled ſpirits into reſt, and whiſper all the balm of pardon and pity to her afflicted ſoul:

Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

A different ſcene engages us at Mrs. Freeman's: About a fortnight paſt we ſpent the day with them; the afternoon, as uſual, was devoted to muſic — the young people were engaged at their ſeparate performances — harmony preſided,

preſided, and not a felicity ſeemed wanting. — Fanny Freeman's heart beat no longer reſponſive to Mayton's wiſhes — ſhe had taught herſelf to forget him — the hopes of happineſs with him became, ſhe believed, incompatible, as ſoon as ſhe knew his uncle had ſent him abroad; and the ſhade of adverſity had learned her reſignation. — She was ſinging, "Why ſhould we of humble ſtate, &c." and had fixed our attention — I never ſaw her look ſo handſome — her voice could not be more melodious. — A ſervant entered — Miſs Freeman was wanted; it ſurprized no one, the muſic continued — but ſoon after Mrs. Freeman was called out. — We were alarmed — the houſe was all confuſion — Miſs Freeman had fainted — the perſon who wanted her was no other than Mr. Mayton. — She knew not he was in England — the unexpected

ſight

ſight brought back to her memory every fond idea which ſhe vainly thought ſhe had baniſhed from her mind; and, before ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe fell, overpowered by love, ſurprize, and joy. — He caught her in his arms — vain were all his attempts to reſtore her; he rang for attendance, and it was not without ſome difficulty that ſhe was recovered; when ſhe was, ſhe appeared ſo much diſordered that Mrs. Freeman perſuaded her to retire for the night; after which ſhe returned to us, followed by Mr. Mayton — She introduced him as to her beſt friends. — His appearance beſpeaks one's approbation — all the characteriſtics of what ſhould be the Engliſh merchant appear in him, and he has all that modeſty in his deportment which unaſſuming merit, though it feels aukward with it, cannot conquer. — On ſuch, the eye of encouragement

ſhould

ſhould ſhed its tendereſt influences; but how often do we ſee the vileſt of men wearing the ſpecious maſk of goodneſs, while they know no more of it than the name, protected by that encouragement which would draw forth many virtues, if beſtowed on ſuch as Mayton, who deſerves it?

We left them ſoon after his introduction; he ſeemed to have much to aſk, and much to ſay. —— I will not intrude on my friend to-morrow, ſaid Lady Frances as we parted, but I expect one of my younger ones at the Abbey, to let me know how her ſiſter does — but ſhe muſt be well. — Mrs. Freeman ſhook her head, the three thouſand pounds recurred to her thoughts, and ſhe ſtill feared that her daughter's happineſs depended on her poſſeſſing a ſum ſhe felt herſelf incapable of raiſing.

Emily

Emily Freeman came the next morning; ſhe was ordered by her mother to tell all that had paſſed. — She is the next to Fanny, and has ever been her faithful confidante and well-wiſher — as ſuch, her tale diſtreſſed her; for Mrs. Freeman had, in her opinion, not been ſo tender as uſual, not to ſay more. —— Mr. Mayton, ſaid ſhe, told my mother laſt night, after you left us, that his preſent viſit was, once more, to claim the promiſe his amiable Fanny, in her happier days, had made him of becoming his wife. —— Thoſe days are paſſed, Sir, returned my mother — Fanny Freeman is not now the Fanny Freeman ſhe was; your uncle thinks ſo, and, till he thinks otherwiſe, I muſt tell you, Mr. Mayton, your viſits here will not be acceptable. — I ſhall ever eſteem you; but my children muſt learn humility, and I deſire you will not teach a heart,

naturally

naturally dutiful, to rebel againſt the precepts of reaſon. —— He owned his uncle was ſtill inflexible, pleaded his paſſion, inveighed againſt the avarice of old age, and declared that, ſuppoſing he could put his love out of the queſtion, he ſhould think himſelf bound by duty to marry her. —— Remember, Sir, returned ſhe, you are bound by duty to your uncle — you owe him all that your conduct throughout your whole life can pay him — Hitherto you have been blameleſs; and, when you mean to offend him, involve not in your crime, I beſeech you, a family whoſe only fault is poverty. —— Here my ſiſter entered, and my mother intreated them both to reſign all hopes of each other, and Mr. Mayton to return to town. —— He was warm — the duty of Fanny made him ſuſpect her love — ſhe was affected. — Mrs. Freeman left them

to

to take leave. — He begged to ſtay till to-morrow, and my mother complied, on their mutual promiſe of forgetting each other. — But he forgot all promiſes when ſhe withdrew, and he intreated my ſiſter to conſent to a private marriage; avowing he thought himſelf no longer bound by gratitude, when avarice over-leaped all bounds, and forbid all his happineſs. — She was however inflexible. — My mother is unmoved, and he leaves us to-morrow morning.

Lord Belmont attended Emily home, and on his return met with Mayton. — He is ſo intereſted in all that concerns Lady Frances, that Mayton was to him an important object. — He joined him, and ſoon led to the ſubject of his viſit into ——ſhire. He ſays he never beheld a man ſo determined, he vows never to be united to any

any but Miſs Freeman; and, in his converſation to Lord Belmont, ſo convinced us of the ſincerity of his attachment, as to leave no doubt of the truth of his paſſion. —— Lady Arwell employed a perſon to viſit old Mayton on the affair — He had no objection to the girl, but vowed his boy ſhould not marry a beggar — if he did he ſhould be the ſame for him. —— But I ſhould ſay that Mr. Mayton left Mrs. Freeman's according to promiſe, and Fanny, as you may imagine. — Lady Frances ſent for her to the Abbey, and, when ſhe returned, ſhe reſolved to know no higher joy than the domeſtic felicity of their own cottage, and Lady Frances Sutton's friendſhip, and, bleſt in that, to wiſh for no higher happineſs. — But we ſaw her reaſon dictated what her heart could not obey. — Fanny Freeman ſtill loved — Mayton was unhappy,

happy, and, though forbid, he found means to let her know it. — A fortnight elapſed. —— Their ſincerity is proved, ſaid Lady Arwell, and I will reward it. — She immediately ordered the perſon before employed in this affair, to veſt the ſum required by old Mayton in the funds for Miſs Freeman. — Lord Belmont informed the young one of his miſtreſs's good fortune — he applied to his uncle — his approbation was no longer wanting, and he repaired once more to the idol of his affections; and the humble dwelling of Mrs. Freeman became the abode of happineſs; for the felicity of each individual of her family is ſo neceſſary to the pleaſure of all, that it may be ſaid,

'Tis but one ſoul in all their bodies reign,
Like objects pleaſe them, and like objects pain.

The

The wedding is to be celebrated at the Abbey, as ſoon as the bride's cloaths, which are given by Lady Frances, are ready. — She will be completely decorated by the inhabitants of this manſion. — I encloſe ſome commiſſions to be executed by you, on my part, toward this amiable girl. — Lord Belmont means, I believe, to ſurprize us in his preſent to her, for he is ſilent as to his intentions — but he will be diſappointed, he has a heart ample as his fortune, and no act of generoſity from him can ſurprize, as it is impoſſible to form an idea, however great, which he is not capable of realizing.

And now, my Henrietta, it is time to ſpeak of your friend — I would avoid it, for ſelf is to me the moſt unpleaſant ſubject my pen can find — but you know and feel for all my griefs — and I think they ne'er will know

know an end. — Freſh importunities — My brother — Ah! my dear, he is leagued with Lord Oſſory, either to ruin my honour or my peace — He knows I am in England — he taxes me with cruelty, with want of ſenſibility — tells me I am no longer the Louiſa who flew to a loving brother's arms, if I can breathe the ſame climate with him without a wiſh to make him happy — that his higheſt felicities are embittered by my perverſeneſs, and the ſight of his miſerable friend — that that ſight is rendered peculiarly diſtreſſing to him, as the unhappineſs of the beſt of men is cauſed by the charms of a woman he once thought a felicity to acknowledge his ſiſter.

Such a letter! — Oh, Henrietta, the writer is my brother, the ſon of the ever to be regretted Lady Stanton. — Look down, bleſt ſhade, and arm

my beſt reſolves with courage, conſtancy, and every nicer ſenſe of female honour. —— Adieu at preſent, you are now informed of all that has paſſed during your abſence. — My next will, I truſt, have a more intereſting ſubject. The world joins you and Neville, and I ſhall be the firſt in congratulations, ſincere as the heart of

LOUISA HERVEY.

Lady

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA NEVILLE.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

Let this auſpicious day be ever ſacred!
No mourning, no misfortune happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for triumph and rejoicing;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chuſe it to bleſs their hopes and crown their wiſhes;
This happy day that gives my *Henrietta* to her *Neville*.

THE morning is juſt breaking from the joyous Eaſt.—I have riſen thus early to pay thoſe congratulations, and breathe forth thoſe wiſhes that are my Henrietta's due.

The heavens promiſe to ſhed their kindeſt influence on you—the day

dawns with a brightneſs prophetic of every felicity — to my mind's eye all things wear the countenance of pleaſure, and joy and happineſs ſeem to lead on the feſtive bridal hours — Even your Hervey has no heart for herſelf, it is all made up of hopes, as bright and glowing as the morn, and waſtes itſelf in wiſhes. — May they be realized! may Henrietta and her Neville feel every felicity this world can give; and if fate ſhould yet have years and joys in ſtore for me, may I never know them — let every bliſs that ſhould have been, or might be mine, be added to theirs; and, after a long courſe of happy years, may they and their Hervey meet in realms where merit only finds its due reward! — Theſe are my wiſhes — may they meet ſucceſs. — An expreſs will bring them to your hands this evening. — I have devoted

devoted this day as ſacred to mirth, and the evening concludes with a ball. —— Joy to my Henrietta — Joy to her Neville, from the heart of their

LOUISA HERVEY.

## Lady FRANCES SUTTON, to Miſs SEDLEY.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

IT is an age ſince you have heard from me, but you cannot wonder, Maria; indeed you will not, for you know my heart always dictates to you, and I have long been endeavouring to eſtrange myſelf from a gueſt, whoſe acquaintance gives me no joy. — It is an impertinent intruder, who would poſſeſs every faculty of my mind, and bend even my obedience to its will — but it muſt not, ſhall not be. —— Lord Belmont is amiable — Maria, he is too amiable for my peace — I am unworthy ſo much merit — He loves me with the kindeſt infatuation, and your Fanny feels ſhe cannot return his paſſion. —— At times I would believe he ſees my unhap-

unhappineſs — nothing can equal his delicacy — I pain him. — Alas! why know I the miſery of giving pain to a worthy heart?

To you, my friend, I hardly dare avow that I have not a heart to give. — With what pain do I make the confeſſion! I am no noveliſt; but yet I believe firſt impreſſions are the only ones that ſpring from the heart, and not eaſily conquered. — My mind inſpires my heart to aim at conqueſt, and duty points the way. — It is the firſt wiſh my grandmama has allowed herſelf to deſire — Her ſlighteſt wiſhes claim obedience — her deſires ſhould exact it. — Teach me to love Belmont, to forget every other — Yet why ſay I teach me? — No inſtruction is neceſſary — I love, venerate, and adore my grandmama. — I muſt

be dutiful — my own paſſions muſt be conquered before I am wholly ſo.

I am not well, it is the ſtruggle of duty and love that diſorders me; it preys on my mind, but I will conquer it — my life is of conſequence to the beſt of women. —— Yet let us take a nearer view of that life we are ſo careful of preſerving — Our infancy paſſes in a ſtate of ignorance; we cauſe a great deal of trouble, and how few, comparatively ſpeaking, live through it; how often thoſe that do, by one future action of their lives, make thoſe who bore them curſe the hour of their birth. — The firſt infancy paſſed, the unformed mind is by various means attempted to be poliſhed — at a certain age education is thought to be finiſhed; few, like my grandmama, conſider that our minds, like fruits, ripen at different ſeaſons. — That, however,

ever, thought over, the whole wiſh is to ſee us well ſettled, which is commonly imagined to be in marrying prudently. — How often (as you, my Maria ſay), does that ſtate render us more unſettled than ever? — But ſuppoſe it anſwers to the fond wiſhes of our friends — perfect happineſs is not allowed. — If fortune ſmiles, heirs to it are wiſhed for; if they are granted, we place perhaps all our happineſs in them, and are diſappointed. — Our own paſſions are a continual ſource of unhappineſs if indulged, and the conquering them is the buſineſs of a long life; towards the cloſe of which, when age and infirmities come on, we think we have obtained that happy conqueſt — The Thought is, I fancy, vain — human nature has not ſtrength to ſupport them with their youthful violence, and we fondly take a merit to ourſelves in conquering them. —

Death attacks us, we follow each other to the grave, and ſoon are forgot; a few years and our being is no more remembered, it is as though we had never been. — Thoſe who have had the longeſt life let them look back — What trouble has the preſervation of that life coſt them! They have ſeen their deareſt friends torn from them; by unforeſeen events they have been deprived of their moſt loved connections. — What then is life? — the happieſt is miſery, the whole is vanity and vexation of ſpirit. —— I muſt break off — this picture of life, however true, does not pleaſe me — ſure I have drawn it in too *ſombre* a ſhade, and muſt accuſe myſelf of ingratitude to Providence, who has placed me in a ſtate of independency, and bleſſed me with youth, health, friends, and the tendereſt of relations.

This

This day is devoted to mirth; with the foregoing thoughts I am ill qualified to aſſiſt at the ſacrifice — it is the bridal day of Lady Henrietta Ormond, and even Lady Hervey wears the maſk of joy, and huſhes every grief to reſt. — She now enters my apartment, and deſires me not to abſent myſelf any longer; tells me Lord Belmont chides my long delay, and every pleaſure ſeems to wait my preſence. — Alas! ſhe knows not that my heart is not tuned to joy. — I will repair to the harpſichord, and endeavour to ſet my mind to the chearful notes touched by my hand. — In every diſpoſition, Maria Sedley has a ſincere friend in

FRANCES SUTTON.

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA NEVILLE.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

WE are all alarmed! Lady Frances is not well — ſome ſecret diſeaſe — Lord Oſſory — Ah, my God! and am I then formed to prevent the felicity of one of thy beſt creatures? — Some private grief preys on her mind — the luſtre of her eye is diminiſhed — the roſe fades on her cheek — Belmont adores her, but ſhe is ſtill cold to all his paſſion. —— His father, the Duke of Belmont, is impatient to ſee him married. — He deſires Lady Arwell to name her own terms, and he will comply in every thing. — He intends, he ſays, in his way to London, towards preparations for a certain joyful event, to look in

on

on the felicity of his boy; and, if Lady Frances anſwers his deſcription, he is certain ſhe muſt be an earth treading ſtar. —— His letter is humourous, and abounds with the gallantry of his day. — Lord Belmont has ventured to expreſs his impatience with more ardor ſince the receipt of it, and Lady Frances appears leſs happy.

Fanny Freeman was married yeſterday — I never beheld a more tranquil ſcene of joy. — The mercenary Mayton choſe to be preſent, and Lady Arwell invited all Mrs. Freeman's friends. —The evening concluded with a concert. —— Lord Belmont's preſent was a neat plain chariot and a pair of horſes. — The young people began to expreſs their gratitude to him — he led them to Lady Frances — There alone thanks were due, he ſaid. — She was oppreſſed.—

ed — it was a compliment paid to her, by the means of her friend, that ſhe felt ſhe could not return. — I ſat behind her and Belmont during the concert — The bride was the ſubject of their converſation; ſhe was expreſſing wiſhes for her happineſs. — Would to heaven, ſaid Lord Belmont, that the happineſs of all who love you was dear to you as Mrs. Mayton. — He fixed his eyes on her. —— I wiſh every one happy, my Lord. —— He took her hand — To call this ineſtimable treaſure mine, is the only means to enſure my happineſs, and ſtill you deny it. —— Oh ſeek it not, ſhe ſaid, I am unworthy ſuch an honour. —— When I deſire life, fame, and virtue but to obtain it; when I ſhould hold it as my brighteſt glory to know that I was worthy of my Fanny's love, and would do aught, do every thing to win it, why will ſhe not bleſs her Belmont.

mont with a hope? —— She checked the riſing ſigh, but could not ſtop the gently falling tear. — Hopes would be falſe, and falſhood never inhabited my breaſt; Blemont you are too good — urge me no further, let us part at preſent. —— He bowed obedience, and joined the happy Mayton, whoſe countenance diſplayed a modeſt joy that did honour to his affection.

When we parted, Lady Arwell ſaid ſhe had now rehearſed only a bridal day, in which ſhe hoped ſoon to ſee her Fanny the principal perſon. — When ſhe bid me adieu for the night, her voice faultered; I kiſſed her — the tear yet ſtood in her eye, and this morning ſhe complains of indiſpoſition. — I am now going to attend her to Wilton's — Miſs Villars hardly lives, and is deſirous of ſeeing us — So adieu for the preſent.

Lady

Lady HERVEY in Continuation.

MISS Villars riſes in our opinion as her ſufferings increaſe — She is almoſt reduced to that ſtate when they ſeem to ceaſe — her ſtrength no longer ſupports the cough that has deſtroyed her delicate frame; the fever that waſtes her by ſlow yet ſure degrees gains ſtrength daily — it gives her cheek a bloom that makes her more lovely than it is poſſible to expreſs. — She was ſitting on her bed, ſupported by pillows; Selina was in her arms, and ſhe had bedewed her face with tears. — When we entered ſhe wiped them off. — I have been indulging myſelf, ladies, in the laſt weakneſs of nature, and you are come to be witneſs to the parting ſtruggles of human frailty. — I hope I have not a much longer time allotted me here; indeed

indeed I think I have ſome inward preſentiments of a ſpeedy releaſe, though your worthy phyſician tells me I am not ſo near my end as I imagine—He means to flatter me, but if he wiſhed to pleaſe me by it, he ſhould give me hopes of death — Life has not a charm in it for me — When I loſt a woman's richeſt treaſure, I loſt all taſte for every worldly joy. — I had formed but one wiſh ſince my abode here; it was to find an aſylum for this unfortunate but innocent child — you have, by your goodneſs, as much exceeded that wiſh as it was ſincerely formed — the protection you have promiſed leaves me void of all care about her, and I think I have ſettled all my own little concerns. — I have been much engaged for ſome days; my illneſs has made me a long time writing the contents of a pacquet, which I now take the liberty of troubling you with.

When

When I am dead, I beg the letters may be ſent as directed. — There is one to the author of my miſery, but I forgive him — One to my mother, the beſt of parents, I am unworthy ſuch a one; ſhe will be pained. — Tears prevented her proceeding, and we again deſired ſhe would permit us to ſend for Mrs. Villars — ſhe ſhook her head. — After ſome time ſhe proceeded — It is now too late — I deſerve not ſuch a comfort — filial affection yet ſubdues me — I am ſtill earthly — my heavenly Father requires all my obedience — I wiſh to reſign myſelf to him, and after one effort to pay my thanks to my benefactors — my more — the preſervers of innocence — I mean to paſs my remaining hours in devotion. —— She roſe from the bed, and falling on her knees before us, poured forth all that the warmeſt gratitude could inſpire. ——

I never

I never beheld a finer figure; our friend could not have had a better model for the inimitable ſtrokes of her pencil, had ſhe wiſhed to repreſent the figure of Piety. — She looked all devoted to that heaven whoſe bleſſings ſhe ſupplicated for us. — Her fervor overpowered her, and, by the help of Mrs. Wilton, ſhe was again laid on her bed, from which I fear ſhe will never be able to riſe any more. —— We quitted her with the utmoſt reluctance; and, when we returned to the park, ſent for Dr. F—— to know his real opinion of her. — He thinks ſhe may yet live a fortnight, and believes ſhe has ſtill much to ſuffer though at preſent ſhe appears ſo weak — All hopes of recovery are baniſhed from his thoughts, but he joins in our wiſh that Mrs. Villars could attend her. — The letter delivered to Lady Frances informs us of her addreſs, and ſhe has

has wrote to her, informing her of the danger of a daughter whom ſhe is perſuaded muſt be ſtill dear to her, and whoſe very errors entitle her to conſolations that are in her power alone to beſtow. —— If Mrs. Villars is the character we ſuppoſe her, I imagine ſhe will ſet out immediately, and we have given orders to Mrs. Wilton accordingly.

Our morning viſit had given us up wholly to the penſive pleaſures, and rendered us very unfit for a ſet of company who were expected in the afternoon. —— I excuſed myſelf from appearing, having letters to write to my brother and his lady, who very kindly invite me again to Bourn-Lodge. —— Lady Frances, willing to do any thing but ſupport an unintereſting converſation in a formal circle, indulged Lord Belmont in his deſire

of

of walking with him in the Park. — The afternoon was very fine, and they had got at a much greater diſtance from the houſe than they imagined, when a violent ſtorm aroſe. The neareſt place that promiſed ſhelter was a building about half a mile diſtant, which had been erected ſince the death of Lord Sutton by Lady Arwell, from a drawing of his. — It is the favourite reſort of Lady Frances; ſhe has a ſmall collection of her favourite authors, ſome muſic and drawing materials there, and ſhe frequently ſpends whole days in thoſe various amuſements. Near it ſhe has built a cottage for two old ſervants in the family, who have the care of this temple; they had ſpent their youth in the ſervice of her parents, and, by giving them an opportunity of appearing uſeful to her, they do not think their age wholly uſeleſs. — To this place the encreaſing

creaſing ſtorm compelled Lady Francis and her Belmont to haſten; but on their arrival, what was their diſappointment to find no ſhelter could be gained! — The old couple, tempted by the fineneſs of the afternoon, had gone down to the neighbouring village with the only labour they knew, their ſpinning, and all admittance was denied. — Vain was every attempt of Lord Belmont to force an entrance into the cottage or the temple, and the porch of the former was the neareſt ſhelter they could find; Lady Frances was wet before they gained that. — The lightening flaſhed with unremitting fury — Belmont, like Thompſon's Celadon, thought it ſafety to be near her, and claſped perfection. — She had fatigued herſelf by her haſte, and was alarmed at the horrors of the ſtorm — ſhe fainted in his arms, and continued in that ſtate till the ſervants, who

who had been ſent out different ways, diſcovered them; with their aſſiſtance he brought her back to the houſe when the rain was over, more dead than alive; he carried her up to her chamber, and abandoned himſelf to every fear affection could ſuggeſt — and I very much apprehend they may be realized. — She was not well in the morning. — I believe I have mentioned I have not thought her well for ſome time — Her mind is not at peace — ſhe knows a paſſion for one ſhe dare not avow. — Lady Frances is retired for the night, very much diſordered. —— Lord Belmont accuſes himſelf he deſired her to walk — her obligingneſs will prove her ill — he is all apprehenſion — indeed no one here is eaſy. —— I will not cloſe my letter till I can give you, I hope, a good account of the health of Virtue's darling child.

Lady

## Lady Hervey in Continuation.

THE morning dawns not on a more anxious heart than Hervey's. — Lady Arwell's ſoul breathes the very ſpirit of reſignation, and in the midſt of fears is calm — Mine is all on fire; anxiety and impatience equally divide it — apprehenſion nearly devotes me to deſpair. — Henrietta, I muſt copy Lady Arwell — Oh, heaven, grant me reſolution! — My God, what a ſcene! — My night was reſtleſs and uneaſy. — The houſe was not as you may ſuppoſe quiet, when I tell you Lady Frances lies in a high fever, which has brought on a delirium. — The buſtle of attending ſervants alarmed me; I hurried to her apartment — in the anti chamber was Lord Belmont, his countenance ſpoke his mind as agitated as the ſweet ſufferer's

I haſt-

I haſtened to. — Lady Arwell was endeavouring in vain to compoſe her — She knew her not; and ſaid ſhe would not be detained — they ſhould not marry her — ſhe would go to France, to Italy, to ſome place where ſhe might love better. — At length ſhe exhauſted herſelf with talking, and for want of ſtrength appeared compoſed. — I have left her apartment in hopes to acquire an appearance at leaſt of being the ſame.

Thurſday evening. — Lady Frances is ſtill delirious — Lord Belmont is not much leſs ſo; and we hope the Duke, who is expected here this evening, will remove him from a ſcene in which he is too nearly concerned for his peace. Dr. F—— declares his patient's diſorder is very much in her mind; and fears her recovery depends on her acknowledging ſome hidden attachment.

tachment. — She names no particular perſon, but incoherently talks of loving ſome one more than Belmont.

Friday morning. — The Duke is arrived — Diſappointment ſits ſo ill on a heart that had raiſed its higheſt hopes towards joy extreme, that his preſence increaſes our miſery. —— I never ſaw the Duke of Belmont before — he is all that one can imagine true nobility ſhould be; his appearance beſpeaks your veneration and eſteem, and you approve your own heart for reſigning itſelf to emotions of affection for him, that it is impoſſible not to feel. — His preſence rouſes the miſerable Belmont, and diſplays new beauties in that amiable man — His duty, his affection, his love, appear in ſo many ſhining points of light, that was Lady Frances but ſenſible of his virtues ſhe could know no other prepoſſeſſion — But ſhe

is

is ſtill inſenſible to every thing, and when awake diſtreſſes us more than can be expreſſed with her incoherent converſation — To-day ſhe talks of Lord Oſſory, and vows that ſhe will not be Belmont's — ſhe loves, ſhe ſays, a loftier youth, even the godlike Oſſory; but ſhe will not be his — he loves another, and ſhe prays that that other may make him as happy as he deſerves. — I was obliged to leave the room. —— Lady Arwell has informed the Duke of her preſent declaration, and though made in the height of phrenzy, ſhe fears, ſhe ſays, it ariſes from ſome former prepoſſeſſion unknown to her, and ſhe muſt deſire the generous Belmont to withdraw all hopes. — They cannot, they ſay, reſign ſuch pleaſing proſpects, and Lady Frances muſt ſtill be their point of ſight. —— The Duke had never ſeen her, and he begged to be permitted

that pleaſure while ſhe ſlept—he was. — I never beheld a man ſo ſoftened — When he left the room, he ſunk into the arms of Belmont, who ſeldom is out of the anti-chamber — She is indeed an angel, ſaid he, after ſome time, and her kindred will not longer ſpare her to mortals — Oh! my Belmont, could we have called her ours, we muſt have been too happy. — In this manner he went on, till Lady Frances waking obliged them to retire to another apartment. —— They have given her medicines to quiet her, and ſhe has lain in a ſtupid compoſure. — I am told ſhe calls for me, and I attend her.

Monday evening. — The Duke of Belmont was ſeized on Saturday, with an appearance of a diſorder ſomething ſimilar to Lady Frances, and he left us yeſterday. — Belmont quitted the Abbey

Abbey in an agony not to be deſcribed. — His heart was divided between duty and love — Reaſon ſuggeſted his attendance was neceſſary to his father, and he complied with her dictates. —— I have promiſed to ſend him an expreſs every day, with the account of Lady Frances, and he ſays he will learn to be reſigned. —— Amiable youth! — You know not how hard a taſk — but it is neceſſary. —— Henrietta, I could almoſt think misfortune was proud to attend me — in every clime I meet her. — "Woes cluſter; rare are ſolitary woes."

Lady HERVEY in Continuation.

IT is the hour of midnight! The very elements ſeem fearful of diſturbing Lady Frances, and all without is peace; not a wind is heard to blow; nature herſelf ſeems to ſuſpend her operations, as if waiting for ſome great event. — I entered the apartment of the dying angel — her figure ſtruck me; death is on her countenance, he ſits enthroned on youth and beauty; her eyes ſeem fixed, but they ſay ſhe ſleeps. —— Lady Arwell was on her knees — her heart, her mind, was at the throne of that God who alone could relieve her. — She heard not my entrance; ſhe had not a ſenſe at that moment on earth. — When her devotions were finiſhed ſhe aroſe — My countenance betrayed the emotions of my mind. —— Lady Hervey, ſaid ſhe,

we

we muſt not arraign the judgment of our God — I have ſupplicated his mercy, but his will be done; let us be thankful the knowledge of ſo much perfection has been our lot, and ſay with the holy prophet, "The Lord "gave, and the Lord taketh away, "praiſed be the name of the Lord."— Her life has been uniform — It is my higheſt conſolation that ſhe is not unworthy of that heaven, to which I believe ſhe is going. — Why ſhould we be ſo worldly as to give way to immoderate grief — let us not be ſelfiſh.— Immortal joys I make no doubt await her — I have prayed for reſignation — Heaven grant me the emblem of its own divinity — This interval of ſuſpenſe ſickens affection — it is horrid, big with woe. —— I talked of hope, of what I really thought impoſſible, but I knew not what to ſay; I wanted recollection, and I quitted the room.

As I ſhut the door, I perceived Lady Arwell again on her knees, and I judge ſhe wiſhes not to be any more diſturbed. — She means to ſit up all night, ſo does one half of the houſe. — But I will not court, it would be vain — I muſt write to amuſe my tortured mind — I will attempt an Ode to Death — Oh, may he avert his threatened terrors!

## ODE to DEATH.

### I.

OH, Death! withhold thy fatal dart,
In pity to a parent's heart,
Surcharg'd with burſting woe;
Thy never-erring ſhaft ſuſpend,
Nor make her precious life to end,
Still let the current flow.

Ah!

II.

Ah! ſee affliction's ſtreaming tear,
The doubtful hope, the anxious fear,
That does their ſoul poſſeſs;
With trembling caution ſee them move,
Each look, each action, ſerve to prove
The height of their diſtreſs.

III.

On ſickneſs' bed the fair one lies,
Dim is the luſtre of her eyes,
That once inſpir'd delight:
No more each mind expreſſive grace,
Depicted on her pleaſing face,
Shall charm the parent's ſight.

IV.

No more health bluſhes on her cheeks,
No more her heavenly mildneſs ſpeaks
The temper of her ſoul;
Calmly ſhe paſs'd her life away,
The ſame to-morrow as to-day,
Content runs through the whole.

V.

Ambition ne'er poſſeſs'd her breaſt,
She was the gentleſt and the beſt,
That human hearts admire:
No ſordid paſſion e'er ſhe knew,
Envy and malice from her flew,
And all its baleful fire.

VI.

Her path of life ſeem'd ſtrew'd with flow'rs,
Succeſſive joys led on the hours,
And brighten'd every morn.
While youth paints every proſpect bright,
While each new ſcene gives new delight;
We fear no hidden thorn.

VII.

Her generous friendſhip could diſpenſe
A bliſs beyond the joys of ſenſe,
A conſcious heart-felt glow;
She knew to raiſe the drooping thought,
Into affliction's maze ſhe ſought,
And kindly ſhar'd in woe.

All

VIII.

All hail, thou ſweetly pleaſing gueſt,
The inmate of her virtuous breaſt,
What ſweet delight you give.
Humanity, to thee I bend,
Thy ſacred Laws I'll e'er attend,
Thy laws that bid relieve.

IX.

Life's cloſing ſcene with haſte draws on,
The flattering gueſt, ſweet hope, is gone,
And now ſucceeds deſpair.
Art has exhauſted all her power,
Has ranſack'd every precious ſtore,
But can't loſt health repair.

X.

Now fortune drops her vain parade,
Now pleaſure's tranſient roſes fade,
And ſhrink beneath the blight:
Where now, ye vanities of life,
Ye ever tempting cheating ſtrife,
Ah, where's your vain delight?

XI.

Can you prolong the fleeting breath?
Can flatt'ry ſooth the ear of death,
Repel each baleful dart?
Can life's vain trifles give relief?
Can pleaſure ſtop the tide of grief,
Or glad the wretched heart?

XII.

Ah! no, it can't relieve a fear,
Or ſtop reflection's bitter tear,
Impel a tranſient joy;
When death once ſpreads his gloomy ſhade,
Not all the gew-gaws of parade,
To pain can give alloy!

XIII.

Come Reſignation, heavenly maid,
In all thy ſoothing charms array'd,
Come deign to be my gueſt;
I am thy humble votary now,
Oh hear thy modeſt ſuppliant's vow,
And lodge within my breaſt.

Then,

XIV.

Then, Stoick like, I'll arm my heart,
And riſe ſuperior to the dart,
Repel each ſhaft of woe;
For can the Chriſtian want ſupport?
To her, whoſe Saviour is her fort,
Is death a dreaded foe?

XV.

With bliſsful hope I wait my doom,
Contemplate on the ſilent tomb,
My future peaceful bed;
There ſhall the weary eye be clos'd,
And every ſorrow lie repos'd,
In death's refreſhing ſhade!

Six in the morning. — No one is yet moving — I entered the anti-chamber of Lady Frances; the attendants tell me ſhe yet ſleeps — Horror runs through my veins — perhaps it is the ſleep of eternal reſt! — The village bell, as if to add to the gloomy ſcene, ſtrikes the note of death on my ear. —— Henrietta, my ſpirits are overpowered — I muſt, for a while, lay down my pen.

Tueſday. — Lady Frances lives, and hope gladdens the hearts of thoſe it had forſook. —— Prove not a flatterer, thou pleaſing gueſt, for thoſe who could ſo lately abandon themſelves to deſpair, now court thee for their ſupport, and hope all they fondly wiſh. —— Adieu, my Henrietta; I ſhall ſend this, truſting in the aſſurances of that earthly deity, that my next

may

may yet have better accounts. — That ſhe lives is beyond my expectations, and I muſt quit you, to inform Belmont of the felicity, in which no one feels a ſincerer joy than your

LOUISA HERVEY.

Sir

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, to Colonel MORTON.

NEW-BOND-STREET.

SETTLEMENTS, equipage, and all the nonſenſical parade of matrimony, engage thy friend ſo fully, that my ſilence is not to be wondered at. — Surely, Morton, it is the parade which on firſt entering this fooliſh ſtate always attends it, that conſtitutes the felicity of more than half the females that ruſh into it; for, by my ſoul, they have few other reaſons to rejoice in. — Nearly conſidered, they have little obligations to us for marrying, for we do it only to ſuit our convenience in ſome reſpect or other. — A fortune is wanted, as in my caſe; a prudent manager in another; a lawful heir in a third, and ſo on, *a propos* of

of my caſe. — If caſh was not the thing neceſſary, and that amongſt all the fortunes of my ſet it is ſo well known to be the thing neceſſary, that not one of them will truſt it to my diſpoſal — the Lady Sedley in expectancy is the very reverſe to what I ſhould chooſe for that lady — The moſt ridiculous vanity is this creature's predominant paſſion, and by that you will ſay, if I am in poſſeſſion of what I wanted, I muſt be made happy. — The bloody hand (which, by the way, is a horrid emblem of title) is to be diſplayed in its utmoſt magnificence on our carriage; and already Loveſhew's domeſtics are taught to call Miſs my Lady. — My ears are continually dunned with the ſound of, when I am Lady Sedley I ſhall do ſo and ſo. And then faſhions are to be ſet. — We are to go next ſummer to the land of *politeſſe*; her ſervants muſt be of that dear

dear country, and a thouſand ſuch follies. — Then we are to be ſo happy, ſo ſurfeitingly happy, both to have ſo high an opinion of each other that each is to be free. — I am very certain one will! — And as to her foreign tour ſhe takes not that with me — I ſhould be aſhamed to introduce ſuch a thing *en mon traine*, (in her ſtyle) at thoſe courts where I have been ſo long eſteemed as the man of gallantry; beſides, I have promiſed to accompany Mariana on a viſit to her friends next ſummer, and I judge the two ladies will not be agreeable fellow-travellers. — You know I have ever made it a rule not to diſappoint my Mariana in her ſlighteſt wiſh — I adore her ſtill more than ever; and thoſe hours that ſeparate me from her, to breathe falſe wiſhes in the hateful Loveſhew's ſight, are a ſacrifice to the ſhrine of Plutus, whoſe ſhining ſtore ſhall add to her felicity

felicity if poſſible. —— I have had a ſettlement drawn up ready for ſigning, on immediate poſſeſſion of Miſs Loveſhew's fortune, which will entitle my Mariana to three hundred a year for her life. As while I live I ſhall ſupport her in the preſent ſtyle of magnificence in which ſhe ſhines, the yearly three hundred ſhall yearly add to the principal, by which means ſhe will be enabled, in caſe of my death, to paſs the remainder of her days comfortable at leaſt. —— Morton, haſten to town, and pay the firſt ſad duties of a brideſman to your friend

CHARLES SEDLEY.

Lady

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA NEVILLE.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

Thou haſt ſeen the muſk-roſe, newly blown,
Diſcloſe its baſhful beauties to the ſun,
Till an unfriendly chilling blaſt deſcended,
Cruſh'd all its bluſhing glories in their prime,
Bow'd its fair head, and blaſted all its ſweetneſs;
So droop'd the maid ——

AND ſo does Lady Frances Sutton — her recovery ſeems yet doubtful; langor dwells in her eye, and paleneſs on her cheek; her form wears a conſumptive appearance, and apprehenſion ſtill trembles on the hearts of her friends. — Air, exerciſe, and amuſement are the only preſcriptions of her phyſicians — I truſt to her good ſenſe as the ſureſt medicine, and from the exertion of that would hope every thing.

Henrietta,

Henrietta, I would diſpel the melancholy that hangs around me; I would look forward to brighter ſcenes, as the decay of my conſtitution would prompt me; for it muſt be beyond this life that I muſt expect ſcenes of joy — But its ills ſurround me, and attach themſelves ſo forcibly on my heart, that every ſcene of affliction becomes my own. —— Miſs Villars is retired to that place of reſt ſhe ſo long has wiſhed for. — The bell that ſtruck my ear at the awful moment of ſuſpenſe which tortured my heart, told the ſurrounding villagers that youth and betrayed innocence had reached the aſylum of peace.

Mrs. Wilton has juſt recited a melancholy tale. — I think I repeat no other. — Miſs Villars died the third day after our laſt viſit — Her departing moments were all bright and promiſing;

miſing; perfectly reſigned to her fate, and full of glorious expectations of pardon and peace, ſhe quitted the world without reluctance. — She had given directions about her funeral, and, knowing the cauſe of the melancholy confuſion at the Abbey, had ordered every thing reſpecting Selina's future conduct in life, in caſe heaven thought fit to deprive her of her benefactor. —— The laſt ſigh had eſcaped from the boſom of Miſs Villars; her pulſe ceaſed to beat, and her eyes were cloſed — At that moment arrived her unfortunate parent! — Wilton's attention was now engaged from the dead to the dying; and a ſcene too mournful for even my gloomy pen ſucceeded. — She ſtill remains at Wilton's, very much indiſpoſed. — I am going there to offer her the higheſt conſolation, in my teſtimony of her departed daughter's penitence.

Lady

Lady HERVEY in Continuation.

THE affliction of Mrs. Villars is of that ſort that diſdains relief. I uſed every argument in my power — I, the youngeſt ſcholar in reſignation's ſchool — How eaſily can we teach others to bear the iron hand of adverſity — Ills at a diſtance ſeen, appear ſupportable at leaſt. —— She abandons herſelf to deſpair — Could ſhe but have aſſured the dying penitent that maternal affection forgave and pitied every error, ſhe thinks ſhe could have been reſigned to her fate. — I gave her the letter directed for her — it is full of duty, filial affection, and wiſhes for the proſperity of the family. — She read it and wept. —— Her aſpect is truly maternal. — There is not, in the numerous family of calamity, a being known to me who has

not

not ſome virtues that engage my heart. — I venerate Mrs. Villars.

In reſpect to her miſery, Lady Arwell deſired me to preſs her to reſide at the Abbey till ſhe choſe to return to town, which we judged ſhe would not till the remains of Miſs Villars are interred; but ſhe begs to be permitted to indulge her woe in a place where her loved child bid a laſt adieu to this life, and her gratitude to us makes her feel ſo uneaſy in our preſence, that ſhe is indulged in her deſire. —— I viſited the clay cold remains of the injured Villars; they are this day to be conſigned to their fellow duſt. — I now behold the humble funeral train paſs along the meadows; the trophy of death waves its ſable enſign in the ſun — It is paſt — and, according to her own deſire, not a ſtone tells where ſhe lays.

Mrs.

Mrs. Villars returns to town to-morrow, and Selina then comes to the Abbey; at the deſire of the former, ſhe is frequently to viſit the relations of her unhappy mother. —— Henrietta, I can write no more; at leaſt I will not add another ſentence to this mournful letter, than to tell you how much I am, &c. &c.

LOUISA HERVEY.

P. S. I have incloſed Miſs Villars's letter to Sir Charles Sedley — After you have read it, I muſt trouble you to ſend it to him by the poſt. — May it have the effect the departed writer wiſhes.

## Miſs VILLARS, to Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

*WHOREMONGERS and adulterers God will judge!* — This, Sir Charles Sedley, is a truth handed down to us by undoubted authority, from him who in his own good time will call us all to judgment. — Should this reach you at a time when the world has withdrawn all its unkindly influences, (I mean its pleaſures) for when purſued as you purſue them, too ſure they will prove unkind, you may perhaps vouchſafe it a peruſal, and ſtart at the ſound of judgment — do more — reflect on the conſequences. — It is not a prieſt, or woman terrified at the approach of death, who thus ſolemnly bids you reflect — Ere you receive this the guilty Villars will be

be numbered with thoſe who are not. — Her penitence, I hope, has been accepted, for it has been ſincere; and the Almighty has promiſed pardon to repenting ſinners — ſuch I have been — ſuch may you be. — Self-intereſt can now have no motive for my wiſhes — I am at peace; and my child, the unfortunate witneſs of my guilt, will not, I hope, ever know her father — She is above abſolute dependance, and ſhe has the happineſs to be under the protection of virtue.

Diſpel thoſe miſts that obſcure your reaſon — they are paſſions that envelope all the man, and leave only brutal inſtinct maſter of your heart. —— Seduction, Sir Charles, is a vice of the blackeſt dye, and the text before named ſeems to denounce unforgiveneſs againſt thoſe who compleat the vile ends of it. — View but the fatal

conſequences of it in this life — I need not paint them; you have ſeen ſo many wretched ſcenes occaſioned by it, that if you have a heart, that can better feel than I can expreſs. —— Villars is not the only wretched family, nor is it the only one made ſo by you. — But I will look to the end of your life — and accompany me in the view. — That, I truſt, is a ſcene wholly new to you. — On your death bed what terrors await you! the cries of injured unſuſpecting innocence — Alas, your conſcious guilt can only anſwer them by ſighs and tears. — Virtue of you demands its ruined peace — You knew not virtue, ſhe left you in your early prime of life; with manhood you have never known her, though often borrowed her alluring maſk. — Oh, court her now! even while this paper trembles in your hand, and let your death bed be compoſed

as

as mine promiſes to be. — If in that awful cloſing ſcene, our paſt lives riſe to our remembrance big with guilt, what horrors muſt await the ſoul that is about to ruſh into eternity? — into more — even into the preſence of an offended God who will call us to judgment? Judgment, that awful promiſe of heaven, when the ſecrets of all hearts ſhall be diſcloſed! At that dread tribunal, no intereſt can ſucceed but the integrity of our actions, or our unfeigned repentance, for crimes whoſe dye is of ſo black a nature, that nothing but the unbounded mercy of our Creator can efface them. — That mercy is extended to all, and we are promiſed will be beſtowed on all who can in the leaſt deſerve it. — It is yet in your power, Sir Charles Sedley, to partake of the ineſtimable bleſſing. — Would I had the pen of an angel! Oh that my perſuaſions could

draw you from that fatal wilderneſs that you are loſt in!—Every action of your life is replete with error. —*Repent ye, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.*—— Wonder not that I addreſs you thus —The Sacred Writings have long been my only ſupport; they waft a ray of comfort to my departing ſoul —an attention to them has conquered every earthly affection. —My religion prompted me thus to addreſs you— From the fatal moment in which I became guilty, you were an object of my averſion. —I now forgive you, as I hope my Heavenly Father will ſoon aſſure me of his —I do more —I pray for your reformation, your ſincere amendment, and the pardon of your God, into whoſe bleſſed preſence I hope, through the mediation of our Lord, to be received.—— This is the laſt effort of mortality, its ſtruggles

ſeem

ſeem over—I am the willing victim of death—May your preſages, while thus tottering on the brink of life, be bright as mine—Though ſtill mortal, I am dead to earthly things—I have reſigned my child—My every thought is devoted to the prime ſource of a being, whoſe errors will, I hope, recall you to virtue—I have no other wiſh remaining in this life.—My family believe me long ſince dead, and their diſgrace will, I hope, be obliterated.—My hour is at hand—nature refuſes her offices—ſhortly oblivion will cover the duſt of

S. VILLARS.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, to Colonel MORTON.

NEW-BOND-STREET.

STILL in the anti-chamber of death; or, more properly, the frightful gentleman is ſtill waiting in that of your father — ſhew him in, Morton, and be releaſed from your confinement. — Why, what a tedious parade does he make about taking a life which has ſo long been his due! And I verily believe his expected viſit, like ghoſts to weak minds, has convinced you of a future ſtate. — Such a methodiſtical letter — the parſon of the pariſh certainly indited, and you are but a copyer.

If I thought you ſerious in your former deſire of Mariana, and could fear

fear a rival, I would ſhew her your laſt letter, and your extreme pitifulneſs would cauſe a fine exertion of her wit. —— Her ſettlement is fixed, *for I am married!* — I will anſwer for it Lady Sedley begins her letter with thoſe words — But it is of ſo little conſequence to me that, had I not named Mariana, poſſibly the public prints would have given you the firſt information. — That you now know it is ſufficient, and I will conclude with the hateful ſubject.

Thine,

CHARLES SEDLEY.

## Lady HERVEY, to Lady HENRIETTA NEVILLE.

SUTTON-ABBEY.

YOUR letter, my Henrietta, like the hand of magic, conveyed me at once from the gloomy ſcenes of Sutton-Abbey to the feſtive ones of Beechen-Shade. — It was always a favourite place of mine, and your deſcription, though drawn by a partial hand, does not give it a beauty that it has not. — Your invitation, and my own inclinations, would bring my perſon to that lovely ſpot as much as my mind is, could I think my reſolution equal to the knowledge of being ſo near Hervey-Caſtle — But, Henrietta,

I know full well, that to a ſoul enamour'd,
There is a kind of local ſympathy,

Which,

Which, when we view the ſcenes of early
paſſion,
Paints the bright image of the object lov'd
In ſtronger colours than remoter ſcenes
Could ever paint it; realizes ſhades,
Dreſſes it up in all the Charms it wore,
Talks to it nearer, frames its anſwers kinder,
Gives form to fancy, and embodies thought.

I cannot yet reflect upon Hervey-Caſtle without a mixture of horror—The park—the temple—the frenzy of Lord Hervey is ſtill preſent to my ſight.—Lord Oſſory—his voice, his impaſſioned looks, the ſoftneſs that hung around him, the compoſed attitude he aſſumed when my preſerver—his deſpair when laſt I ſaw him—all, all riſe to my memory, in thoſe far diſtant ſcenes, with a force that wants but the real place to perſuade me the diſmal act is paſſing over again.——Memory, be gone! Why ſo faith-

ful to the woes of life? — Tell, Oh! tell me that my Henrietta's bleſt — that Neville too is happy; and, in a future hope of everlaſting peace, make

LOUISA HERVEY ſc.

Lady

## Lady HERVEY in Continuation.

I WAS interrupted — an expreſs from Belmont — the Duke is no more; the diſorder that attacked him here has deprived nobility of its ornament, and virtue of its patron. — The amiable young mourner writes thus:

Death, envious of my proſpects of felicity, threatened me with its utmoſt malice. — Lady Frances, whom I prize as the offspring of heaven, has eſcaped the impending danger — my father is the ſacrifice. — The Duke of Belmont is no longer that worthy character, the knowledge of which filled every heart with affection — he is gone to receive the reward which his merit intitles him to. — Deſcended from a line

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a line whoſe brighteſt honours ever were their virtues, I will indulge the hope, that with the name I may know the merits of

BELMONT.

The melancholy news reached the ears of Lady Frances — ſhe ſighed — Felicity ſhould preſide over Belmont's life, ſaid ſhe; his merits intitle him to know her higheſt comforts. — I ſhewed her what he had wrote — her tears diſordered her. —— The unexpected arrival of Miſs Sedley interrupted any further converſation on that ſubject; or, I think, this amiable girl was going to reveal every ſecret of her heart. — She looked ingenuous — demanded our attention. —— Miſs Sedley was announced — and the converſation turned on her late indiſpoſition, and her friend's anxiety.

You will be deſirous of knowing her more particularly — ſhe remained with us but a few hours, but her character is viſible the moment ſhe ſalutes you; her perſon is of that kind which at firſt ſight ſtrikes as beauty, but on a nearer examination ſhe has few pretenſions. — Her thoughts flow in a rapid ſucceſſion, and her expreſſion is equally quick, it pleaſes without the niceſt propriety; in her friendſhip ſhe is warm and conſtant. — Love, ſhe avows, never entered her breaſt, and ſhe is certain never will. — I hung melancholy, ſaid ſhe, when a child; it was the firſt good thing I did, and ſhe ſhall never be cut down in my preſence. —— Her air is natural and free; a ſtranger, in company with Lady Frances and Miſs Sedley, would reſpectfully adore the former, and heartily love the playful latter. —— Selina was in the room, and much engaged th

the attention of Miſs Sedley — but her name is Du le Bois, of foreign extraction, and ſhe could know nothing of her. —— Miſs Villars uſed to ſay her chriſtian name was the only one ſhe had a right to; that ſhe could not ſo far diſgrace her family as to ſuffer her to bear the name of Villars — the unhappy offspring of vice was not intitled to ſuch an honour, and ſhe had thought herſelf unworthy that name from the moment ſhe diſgraced the female character. — As I hope ſhe will never know her father, ſhe would ſay, ſhe muſt not bear his name for fear of enquiry. — But a name was neceſſary, and as the wood was the firſt place in which ſhe met good fortune, we agreed ſhe ſhould bear the name of Du le Bois. —— She is the moſt intereſting child I ever beheld; ſhe mourns the abſence of her mama. — Grevil told her ſhe was dead, and ſhe would

would never ſee her again. — What is dead, ſaid ſhe? — Sleep was the only way to give her an idea of it. — If ſhe ſleeps then, ſaid ſhe, ſhe muſt wake, and then I ſhall ſee her. — You muſt be very good, replied Grevil, if you hope to ſee her again. — So I will, ſaid ſhe, and immediately went to Lady Frances, and deſired her to teach her to be good, that ſhe might ſee her mama. — She weeps and is playful by turns, ſuch is the happy variety of innocent childiſh inſenſibility.

Lady Frances is much better; ſhe mounts her horſe to-morrow; it is the only exerciſe recommended to her; I have promiſed to accompany her. — Ah, Henrietta, thoſe were bliſsful days when you and I purſued that pleaſure together. — Yes, my friend, amid my deſponding thoughts, recollection

lection ſometimes wears thy brightening form, and gives me thoſe friendly joys that I knew on my firſt return to England, before this ill fated perſon had taught the heart of man to breathe a ſigh; before fatal experience learned me I had a heart for love as well as friendſhip; before I was Lord Hervey's.

Another letter from my brother — freſh intreaties — perſuaſions dreſſed up in ſuch glowing, ſuch bright colours; delicacy, ſenſibility, juſtice to the deceaſed, to my own character, all put out of the queſtion — love only is to reign — friendſhip pleads its cauſe — a brother pleads it, a much loved brother. — The object ſtill is dear, but I have a more powerful pleader in my breaſt — Honour and virtue ſhall conquer every meaner paſſion, and reign triumphant. — Henrietta,

rietta, it muſt be ſo — Shall I confer the higheſt obligation on the murderer of my huſband? — Shall I find felicity in ſo doing? — I will write to my brother — reaſon ſhall dictate. — Have I not ſufficiently erred, in knowing a paſſion which it is my duty never to indulge? — May my future life abſolve the ſtain, prays thy

LOUISA HERVEY.

End of the Firſt Volume.